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THE SLEEPING CITY.

ONCE tumultuous, blithe, and stirring,
With the clash of labor whirling;

Now, a city silent, sleeping —
Mourners watching, mourners weeping,

Generations drifting hither,
As the autumn leaves that wither.

Laid aside are sword and sabre,
Neighbor slumbers now by neighbor.

Love and hate and war have perished;
Scattered are the hopes they cherished.

Proud ambition's strength is spent,
In a narrow cell content.

Loveliness and beauty fairest,
Eloquence and wit the rarest,

No dominion hath, no fame;
Dust to dust — to all the same.

Hopefully, in tones of pity,
Chimes the hour across the city.

Not forever shall it slumber
Underneath the chestnuts sombre.

Soon a voice shall rend the portals
Of the grave, for these immortals.

C. T. CARISBROOKE.

Sunday Magazine.

REST.

The following is from the "Collected Poems of Father
Abram J. Ryan," and was, we believe, the favorite
of the late Sir John Macdonald: —

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed —

And I desire, what I have long desired —
Rest — only rest.

'Tis hard to toil — when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways;

'Tis hard to sow — and never garner grain,
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed — but vain has been my
prayer —
For rest — sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;

'Tis hard to till, and when tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed;

And I sigh, a weak and human sigh,
For rest — for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine — for rest.

'Twas always so — when but a child I laid
On mother's breast
My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed
As now — for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er;
For, down the west,
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

MAN.

OH, what is man? — a spirit doomed
Awhile on earth to stay?
Immortal mind and soul entombed
Awhile in mortal clay?
A spark of immortality,
Cased in an earthly shrine;
A paradox — a mystery —
Half human, half divine.

And what is life? — a transient ray
Of Heaven's eternal light?
A meteor's flash — a gleam of day
On earth's sepulchral night?
A bubble broken by a breath,
An hour of toil and strife,
A dream from which we're roused by Death
To everlasting life.

And what is death? Man's final doom,
The penalty of sin?

A pang — oblivion — dust — the tomb,
And all we fear therein?

A hideous phantom of the night
That haunts this earthly clod?
Or angel sent from realms of light
To guide us to our God?

Temple Bar.

FRANK F. SHERRIFF.

COME anyhow; if not to find
An occupation to your mind
Nor yet a Fortunatus purse
Nor any cure for any curse;
Come, talk, live, marry, work, write, sing:
Be eloquent on anything:
Be active in whatever line:
And if a sun less splendid shine
And vegetation less profuse
And persons worthier of abuse
Are found with us than now with you,
Still, though our merits may be few,
We are at least thy friends of youth,
Thy fellow-seekers after truth,
Thy fellow-talkers, fellow-bards,
Thy fellows still in all regards,
So turn again towards the west,
And grasp their hands who love you best.

From The National Review.

ERNEST DAUDET ON COBLENTZ AND THE EMIGRATION.

M. ERNEST DAUDET'S recent work* narrates the proceedings of the emigrant brothers of Louis XVI., from the departure from France of the Comte d'Artois to the disasters following the retreat from Valmy. It gives a picture of the daily life, intrigues, hopes, and disappointments, of the princes and the emigrant noblesse around them. Deriving a considerable part of his materials from papers supplied by the descendants of those families, M. Daudet writes of them in a not wholly unsympathetic spirit. He dwells, however, like most of those who have to deal with the subject, on the shortsightedness, the illusions, the fatal incapacity, or the unwillingness to see the real bearing of events, which characterized above all the Comte d'Artois and Calonne, but in a scarcely less degree all around them. Even the Comte de Provence, whose good sense and statesmanlike judgment were, to the displeasure of some of his old adherents, so conspicuous at a later time, appears hardly less impracticable than the rest of the party. Nor can it be denied that this unfavorable impression is, on the whole, a just one. Still, it is well for us who to-day read the history of those years to remember that we are judging with a knowledge of how events were to turn out, which was necessarily wanting to the actors. Those who now look back to the French Revolution see at once how it was the close of one age and the opening of another. We have grown up in the period of transition, whose dawn came to many of them when in middle life, with ideas wholly formed by the experience and the current maxims of the time that was passing away. Goethe's epigrammatic saying on the evening of Valmy is to us a commonplace; but the day of Valmy belongs to the very close of the period dealt with in this work, and up to that time he himself might have deemed it a paradox. To ordinary men brought up under the old *régime*, the sudden overthrow of all that

had seemed an essential part of the existence of France might well appear too abnormal to be lasting. The events presenting a superficial parallel to the Revolution, those connected with the fall of Charles I. in England, were wholly misleading by the real diversity of their causes, of the objects of those who took part in them, of the ideas by which the people were moved. While to an Englishman it is obvious enough that those events left much behind them which shaped the ultimate destinies of the country, they probably suggested to strangers acquainted with their outlines merely the notion of temporary convulsions, ending in a return to the old channel. Past chapters of French history, the days of the Fronde, or, farther back, of Etienne Marcel, which might at first recur to the minds of Frenchmen, would present analogies calculated to lead them wholly astray. Even those who were capable of a profounder appreciation of the events of other times, of a judgment of the present emancipated from the misleading associations of a state of things about to pass away, men with the breadth of view of the philosopher, and the insight of the statesman, were much at fault as to the outcome of the Revolution during the quarter of a century which was to follow. Burke, Malouet, Mallet du Pan, whom M. Taine selects as the three men who saw its meaning best, were under misapprehensions which posterity can easily take note of. It was not surprising that ordinary men of the world, in a case where their experience of the world they had hitherto known was rather a hindrance than a help, should have allowed their wishes and prejudices to wholly bias their judgment. It was none the less disastrous that this should have been so to the extent in which we find it with the Comte d'Artois and his principal adherents in exile.

M. Daudet's narrative commences with the arrival at Valenciennes, on his journey to beyond the frontier, of the Comte d'Artois, three days after the fall of the Bastille. It was by the desire of the king that he, as well as the Prince de Condé, withdrew from the dangers that threatened them. Hastily passing on to Brussels, the Comte d'Artois, after a short stay there,

* Histoire de l'Emigration Coblentz, 1789-1793. D'Après des Documents Inédits. Par Ernest Daudet. Paris: Ernest Kolle Editeur.

took up his abode in the vicinity of his father-in-law's court at Turin. His residence in the former city was abridged by the directions of the emperor Joseph to his sister, who acted as viceroy in the Austrian Netherlands. He was unwilling to tolerate in his dominions bordering on France a centre of intrigue against the order of things in France, such as the presence of the exiled princes would create. Nothing is more striking at this time than the extreme reluctance of almost all the European monarchies to interfere in any way with French affairs. Those who regarded the military power of the French monarchy with jealousy and alarm felt every reason for satisfaction in seeing France likely for a long while to be too much absorbed in its internal politics to interfere with its neighbors. The Eastern question of those days, as well as the affairs of Poland, largely engrossed the attention not only of Russia, but of the German Empire, and the Austrian and Prussian courts in particular, whose rivalry was often on the point of breaking out in open conflict. In the Austrian dominions the recently appeased revolt of the Netherlands, the troubles raised almost everywhere by Joseph's hasty reforms, left him little leisure to play the part of a maintainer of order and authority beyond his frontiers. There was one sovereign, Gustavus of Sweden, who, having effected in his own country a *coup d'état* in favor of the royal authority, was eager to draw the sword on behalf of the monarchy in France. But he could do nothing singly. The days were passed when a Gustavus Adolphus could change the fate of Europe by his interposition. The king of Sardinia was willing to extend hospitality to his son-in-law and his friends; but he was not willing to compromise himself any further. And when the idea of support from Philip was suggested in his presence, he remarked: "Mon frère d'Espagne n'a pas le sou."

The Comte d'Artois, unlike either of his brothers, had taken up, and persisted in from the beginning, an attitude of uncompromising resistance to the whole of the new idea, an attitude easier to maintain beyond the frontiers than in France. His

conduct in itself might be respected for its consistency, if not for prudence; but he had no right to endeavor to impose it on his brother by engaging in negotiations and intrigues, independently of him, for restoring the old *régime* by foreign force or domestic revolt. During his year's residence in Turin, both before and after he was joined there by the ex-minister, M. de Calonne, his most active agent, he was carrying on a constant correspondence with the European courts, which he vainly tried to rouse. He and those around him endeavored, to little purpose, to excite a movement in the interior. It is curious that the only sign at this period of opposition to the Revolution was in the country formerly the stronghold of the Huguenots and the scene of bitter religious conflicts. Among the population there remained a militant Catholicism stimulated by former opposition and the existence among them of a Protestant remnant. The confiscation of Church lands, and, still more, the "Civil Constitution of the Clergy," the latter a most gratuitous attack by the National Assembly on ecclesiastical order and religious feeling, stirred in parts of Languedoc and the valley of the Rhône some faint shadow of the counter-revolutionary movement which was to come in La Vendée. It was tolerably clear, however, that except in case of a foreign war, in which they might cause a diversion, only false hopes could be encouraged by these discontents in a few localities in France. Unlike England in her civil wars, France had no Royalist party within capable of carrying on a struggle, or having any root in the people at large. The fruit of the policy, begun by Richelieu, of making the nobility a mere ornamental appendage to the court, stripped of its independent powers, along with its duties, while retaining invidious privileges and exemptions, was now manifest in its want of ability to give any separate support to the throne. The seigneurs, who had, so to say, become sinecurists, while their old functions were discharged by the intendants, had none who at their call would follow them to defend the king, or vindicate, along with his authority, the rights of their hereditary leaders. The provin-

cial noblesse might be excused for deserting their posts when their own dependents, instead of being a force on whom they could rely, were ready to burn their castles. Louis XVI., both in his own and in later times, has been blamed for occasioning, by his weakness, nearly all the misfortunes of the monarchy. It is sometimes said that even his better qualities unfitted him for the task of coping with difficulties that required a sterner and perhaps less scrupulous hand. But granting the element of truth in this estimate, it is a question not easy to answer how the crisis could have been met even by a ruler as able, as energetic, and as little inclined to be over-scrupulous, as Frederic the Great or Napoleon. So soon as the army could not be relied upon, the ordinary weapon of the monarch was shattered in his hand; and the support which so failed him was still less to be found, outside its ranks, in the nation at large. His only possible course was either to put himself in the hands of some one of the parties in the Assembly having weight beyond its walls, and if possible make use of them against the rest, or, escaping from the capital, where he was not free, to seek some refuge whence he could treat on terms of at least equality with the representatives of the people. The former course probably required more persistence and skill than Louis XVI. possessed. The latter was the plan which he ultimately attempted. Its complete failure may have been an accident; but, at least so late as when it was attempted, it would have led to exile and deposition more probably than to a triumphant return.

Hopeless of effecting anything at Turin, the Comte d'Artois at length resolved to seek an interview with the new emperor Leopold, successor of Joseph II., who was expected to visit Italy. He had expressed the utmost disgust, in common with the Prince de Condé, at hearing that both the queen and the Marquis de Bouillé, the latter of whom had been consulted about the possibility of enabling the king to escape, looked on the Constitution as made, and the counter-revolution as impossible. He wrote to the Bailli de Crussol that he would rather dig the earth, labor for his

bread, or perish in misery than come to any accommodation. He was uninfluenced by the warning of his friend Vaudreuil that in attempting to save the king and queen against their will he would become a rebel and responsible for any crimes which might in consequence be committed. He was not influenced by a letter which, on the point of quitting Turin, he received from the Baron de Breteuil, now a secret agent of the king. When Louis XVI. learnt how Calonne's influence had become mischievously powerful with the exiled princes, he ordered Breteuil, who had retired to Switzerland, to act on his behalf for the recovery of his legitimate authority, and the happiness of his people. While consulting with Bouillé, the Comte de Fersen, and others as to the means of effecting the king's escape from Paris, he requested the Comte d'Artois to remain at Turin and confine his attention to affairs in the south of France. He replied that he had reason to hope much from foreign sovereigns. He betook himself to Venice while sending Calonne to Vienna. The emperor, however, would hold communication neither with the prince nor with his agent. The queen, in a letter to the Comte de Mercy, expressed satisfaction that her brother-in-law would not be received, as he would only compromise them. But the emperor, in his desire to avoid any definite action, equally declined to receive Breteuil.

Now, however, dawned the first streak of light for the emigrants whose hopes were placed in a European war. A Diet of the empire was sitting at Ratisbon before which were brought the complaints of German princes with possessions in Alsace whose feudal rights were included in the general overthrow of the 4th August and subsequent legislation. By the Treaty of Westphalia, which gave Alsace to France, the rights of these princes were guaranteed. Of course, the negotiations of 1648 never contemplated an impartial abrogation of the rights of French and German seigneurs alike. The Assembly was not unwilling to grant a pecuniary compensation. But the princes could hardly be expected to go out of their way to smooth the path of the Revolution by

departing from their strictly legal rights under an international compact. Here, then, for the first time, was the Revolution brought into closest conflict with the claims of foreign States and their subjects.

At once the Marquis de Larouziere was despatched to Ratisbon by the Comte d'Artois. His only fear was that if the princes of the empire engaged in a war, they would confine it to the recovery of Alsace, an idea which had never quite departed from the mind of Germany, though not to be realized for two generations more. He was to endeavor to induce them to commit the war to the emperor on their behalf, trusting that it would end in a war for the overthrow of the revolutionary power. But as yet nothing was to come of this.

The Comte d'Artois went to Venice, returned to Turin, went to Venice again. He induced the Marquis de Bombelles, French minister at that city, to promise to use his good offices for him with the emperor. He found out that Bombelles, who also had a secret communication from the king through Breteuil, had told the emperor that he had a double mission. On learning this the Comte d'Artois exclaimed: "What is the king, sir, now? There is no king but me, and you are answerable to me for your conduct." And he continued to regard Bombelles as an enemy.

Bombelles's mission, however, procured for him and for Calonne the interview which Leopold had till then avoided. But the emperor's object was to restrain rather than to encourage their projects. He impressed upon them both that nothing could be done unless the king effected his escape. He urged the prince to return to Turin. When the Comte d'Artois could not be induced to agree to this, he persuaded him to renounce his project of going to Namur, and to establish himself at Coblenz in the territory, and at the court of his uncle the Archbishop-elect of Treves. He obtained from him a promise not to join the army which the Prince of Condé was collecting at Worms from emigrant officers and soldiers, who were encamped between the imperial city and the Rhine, in sight of the crest of the Vosges, which might seem to draw them on to re-enter the land from which they were exiled. In return the emperor gave some vague promise of endeavoring to induce the other princes of Europe to take part in some common action.

Not long after the emigrant prince had

met with a brilliant reception at Coblenz from the elector and the French fugitive noblesse with which it was crowded, a new turn was given to affairs by the arrival of a letter from the Comte de Provence from Mons. He had effected his escape from France and arrived there, while the king with the queen and dauphin had started to join the army of Bouillé at Metz.

The Comte d'Artois started for Brussels to join his brother when he heard of the arrest of the king at Varennes. It was pretended that among some of the emigrants the failure of the escape was not regarded as a misfortune. The king, once at liberty, must have superseded the Comte d'Artois and Condé in the office they had assumed, on the ground of his captivity, of directing the affairs of the Royalist party abroad. And it was feared that he might be influenced by those whom they called the "Monarchians," and regarded as worse than the Jacobins. And under this name they included not only the authors of the Constitution of 1791, but all those who desired any form of limited monarchy, as well Mounier and Lally Tollendal as Lafayette or the Lameths.

The danger to the king, now a captured fugitive, produced some change in the attitude of the emperor. While desiring the archduchess, who governed the Austrian Netherlands, to restrain the French exiles from any forward step, he wrote to all the courts of Europe, except to that of Sweden, inviting them to address a declaration in common to the French Assembly. He agreed, at the same time, to a meeting at Pillnitz with the king of Prussia, at which the affairs of France should be discussed. This meeting eventually the Comte d'Artois obtained permission to be present at.

Pétion on the way back from Varennes had admitted to the king that France could not be a republic, for the pear was not yet ripe. The Assembly was not prepared to go all lengths against the sovereign whom it had dragged back as a captive. It might have appeared the most dignified and straightforward course for the king to decline to accept the position of reigning on their terms, unless he were really free to accept or refuse, as he would have been at a distance from Paris. It would have avoided any appearance of dissimulation, and could not in the end have been more fatal. But it might not improbably have led to his son being taken from him to be brought up under a revolutionary regency, possibly to the elevation of the Duke of Orleans to a revolutionary throne.

He preferred to take advantage of the returning strength of the moderate party. The emperor, anxious to avoid the necessity of action, approved and pressed further upon his sister a conciliatory policy, and a distrust of the emigrants. At the same time, the king's brothers had power renewed to them to treat with foreign governments with a view to restore tranquillity in the kingdom. But these princes, and those around them at Coblenz, the headquarters of the emigration for the next ten months, looked only to the recovery of the monarchy by a foreign intervention, in connection with which they should play an important part.

All through the preceding year the number of emigrants had been increasing. Those who left France at the outset were only the most unpopular or the most uncompromising. Through the year following, the progress of the Revolution, the commotion in the provinces, with the pillaging and burning of châteaux, on which M. Taine has dwelt so largely, though their importance in the history of the Revolution has often been passed over, and the insulting decree abolishing the nobility even in name, had greatly swelled the stream of fugitives.

After Varennes, as M. Daudet says, the emigration was the result of those violences, which may have been in some degree the result of its earlier stages. French exiles were all over Europe. Many directed themselves to England. Others, and these mainly the poorest, found shelter in Switzerland. But the militant emigration, eagerly awaiting the moment to repass the frontier, sword in hand, were gathered around the king's brothers at Coblenz, or at Worms with Condé.

The result of the conference at Pillnitz in August, 1791, was little satisfactory to the impatient spirits among them. In spite of all that could be urged by Calonne and the Comte d'Artois, the Austrian and Prussian sovereigns, while declaring that the situation of the king of France was an object of common interest to all the powers of Europe, went on to say that if they agreed to join with Austria and Prussia in the most efficacious means for enabling him freely to establish a government in France suitable to his rights and the national welfare, "alors et dans ce cas," they would act promptly. It was little more than a matter of form. But it was open to the reproach of being too much or too little. A determined and prompt intervention might possibly have been successful. Complete non-intervention might

have given a chance of peaceful settlement to the affairs of France. But the declaration of Pillnitz was calculated to irritate without intimidating. It asserted the principle, indignantly denied by the Assembly, of the right of foreign powers to concern themselves with the Revolution, while it asserted it in a manner so weak and hesitating as to encourage those who would resist it. It could not be pretended that non-intervention was then an acknowledged rule in Europe, or that a revolution in a country exercising such influence beyond its borders as France could be as indifferent as a revolution in England in the previous century, or a revolution in Sweden or Poland in their own time. But the tone of the Pillnitz declaration was rather that of those who wished to excuse their unwillingness to intervene where intervention might have been expected.

When it was known that the king had accepted the Constitution, the emperor was still more pronounced in his attitude of opposition to all attempts against it. The princes, of course, treated this acceptance as a mere form on the part of the king, whose action was not free. They accused the emperor of making the most of a letter of Marie Antoinette, written with the intention of becoming public. But the king, in reality, appears to have agreed to give it a trial, not with any desire that it should last, but feeling convinced that it would break down, and so enable him to regain most of his power. At the same time, while deprecating the idea of either civil war, or civil war and foreign invasion combined, he had some desire for a European congress, which might exercise a moral restraint upon the Assembly if backed with military force. To this view the emperor for a moment inclined. But as soon as the acceptance of the Constitution was known, he made it a reason for laying aside any such project. The princes now turned their eyes towards Catherine of Russia, who was prodigal of sympathy, and ready to give some pecuniary assistance. But, occupied with affairs nearer to her, she refrained from active intervention. Her adherence to this attitude, even after other States were engaged in war with France, rendered unintentionally the greatest of services to the Revolution. In 1792, the time had hardly come when it could have been a match for a coalition including the whole strength of Russia among the forces at its disposal. In the latter part of 1791, after the Legislative Assembly (M. Daudet, by a slip of the pen, calls it the Constituent) had succeeded

to its predecessor, the author of the Constitution, the emigrants were the objects of fresh severities. The king, hesitating to sanction the proposed measures, wrote urging his brothers to return, and implored them to abstain from action which compromised him. They treated all his communications as being written under duress, or by the influence of those who were not to be trusted. Menace after menace was directed by France against the electorates of the Rhine, which sheltered the armed refugees.

The emperor desired the prince bishops to satisfy the demands of France for the dispersion of the armies formed by the princes, while promising them protection from invasion. But at the same time he ratified the conclusion of the Diet of Ratisbon as to the rights of the German princes in Alsace. And in the end of December he entered into an agreement with Prussia for an alliance against France, limited, however, at the wish of the latter power, to the case of an attack upon German territory.

The desire of the emperor was to be able to place Louis XVI. in the attitude of a mediator between his subjects and the European monarchies. With this object, he particularly wished to keep in the background the emigrants, who, on the contrary, thought that their part should be in the front, as in a struggle for the rights of the crown and the nobility of France.

The French government at this time recalled from Coblenz the Comte de Vergennes and replaced him as minister to the elector by Biyat de St. Croix. Vergennes's real sympathy had been with the royalists, and he now openly went over to them. M. Daudet remarks on their never having admitted him to their secret councils; but it is not unreasonable to suppose that he would have felt it inconsistent with his post as ostensible minister of the king and the government imposed upon him by the Revolution. Biyat de St. Croix, who was received with reluctance, and often delay, was hearty in the work of the dominant faction. Advised by the emperor to yield, the elector of Treves reluctantly required his nephews to withdraw and disperse their troops. The emperor writes in the same tone to these princes. Coblenz ceased by the 1st of January to present a military appearance. The army of Condé at Worms was driven from Worms, and its soldiers were wandering in destitution over the country. The princes began to talk of retiring to Spain. Yet at this moment the growing hostility of the

Assembly and the court of Vienna might afford them something of hope. If the armed gatherings of the emigrants on the frontier were not unnaturally resented in France, they at the same time could not be really dangerous unless supported by the empire or the larger German States. The interest, therefore, of France, if at least she desired peace, would have been to avoid any provocation which could induce them to depart from their neutrality. But it is clear that in France a large party were scarcely less desirous of a collision than the emigrants themselves. It is true that at one time Biyat de St. Croix offered the princes an unmolested residence in Coblenz if they would entirely abstain from all hostile measures against the Revolution. Rather than agree to this, they were willing to seek refuge elsewhere. A conversation between a prince of Nassau, acting on their behalf on a mission to the emperor, and Leopold himself illustrates curiously the views on both sides. Leopold expressed his desire that the Prince of Condé, with such of his troops as kept together, should make no attempt to enter France. "Not if the population invites him?" "They will not," said the emperor. Nassau endeavored to show that they or the garrisons might do so. He had spoken of what would be a favorable position for the prince, if attacked. The emperor asked if the French would venture to attack him on German territory. Nassau admitted that they scarcely would, while avowing his hope that they might. Yes, said the emperor; it were better they began. But, while he was coming to think war inevitable, he desired that the aggression should be clearly on the French side. He wished it to be a war of nation against nation rather than of support on his part to one section of Frenchmen, and that the king of France should be able to assume the position of mediator between his subjects and their foreign antagonists. He had, however, early in 1792, positively declared he would tolerate no attack on the princes of Germany, and would cross the frontier if they were menaced. He entered on negotiations with other European monarchies with a view to combined action, and prepared to collect forces along the border from the Netherlands to Switzerland.

The French princes, however, were scarcely less dissatisfied with his attitude towards them than the French Assembly, which, after declaring any Frenchman a traitor who should take part in any congress relating to the question of the Con-

stitution or the rights of the German princes in Alsace, prepared to send an ultimatum to Vienna. The king's brothers still rested vain hopes on Catherine of Russia. They employed as their envoy to her Count Esterhazy, a kinsman of the great Hungarian house whose name he bore, but who had long been in the service of France.

Some time before this, Louis XVI. had authorized the Marechal de Castries, then in exile at Cologne, to act as an intermediary between Baron de Breteuil and Calonne, the confidant of his brothers, and especially of the Comte d'Artois. By the king's brothers this was regarded as a recognition of their claims to act for him while under duress, as entitling them to full confidence, and authorizing them in matters of detail to do what they thought best for the cause of the monarchy. The king and Breteuil, on the other hand, intended thus to restrain their assumption of independence to induce them to do nothing without reference through Castries to Breteuil as the king's agent, while leaving the latter full power to act according to the king's directions without necessarily communicating with his brothers. This negotiation with Russia brought the difference to a head. Breteuil despatched to St. Petersburg, with the king's sanction, the Marquis de Bombelles. He conveyed a letter from Marie Antoinette, and a memorandum from Breteuil urging the plan of an armed congress, and deprecating any independent action by the emigrant princes. Bombelles was particularly obnoxious to the Comte d'Artois since the days of his retirement to Venice, as mentioned before. Breteuil also was obnoxious to Catherine, as having, when formerly representative of France in Russia, declined to be any way concerned in the revolution which placed her on the throne. Accordingly she received this mission coldly. She observed that the princes had powers from the king as full as those of Breteuil. She proceeded further to reveal Bombelles's mission to those through whom it reached the ears of the French princes; and the breach between them and Breteuil was irreparable, while they and their surroundings were full of resentment against the secret diplomacy of the king.

By the 7th February, 1792, Austria and Prussia had definitely come to an agreement to act together for the defence of Germany, and to compel France to abandon its menacing preparations. An army was to be put in the field under the Duke

of Brunswick, who had hitherto enjoyed a great military reputation, and had singularly enough been offered by the French minister, Narbonne, the command of the army of the Revolution. A congress was to be admitted only if the French nation expressed a desire for it. On the 1st of March Leopold died. There was some uncertainty as to how far his death might alter the prospect of peace or war. But his successor, Francis II., in later years the patron and pupil of Metternich, retained the ministers, and adhered to the general policy of his father. Early in April the French ambassador presented an ultimatum at Vienna demanding the cessation of the armaments of Austria. Its tone was such that Kaunitz, who in the previous year was said to speak with admiration of the new French Constitution, regarded war as necessary. On the 20th of the month France, in pursuance of a vote of the Assembly, issued a declaration of hostilities against "The King of Hungary and Bohemia," who was not yet formally elected emperor.

And now at last appeared to have arrived the chance for which the emigrants were waiting. The sun, as Vaudreuil called it, was above the horizon. They were beginning to form their armies anew, and declined to listen to the elector of Treves when he transmitted a fresh remonstrance of the French government. They had, however, a suspicion that the allies aimed less at the restoration of the king to his power than at territorial acquisition. Whilst they were eager to be put in the foremost place in the invasion, and believed that soldiers and civil population were alike prepared to join them against the usurping revolutionists, they found a disposition on the part of the powers to dispense altogether with their services. Louis XVI. despatched Mallet du Pan on a mission to his brothers and the allies, urging the former not to intervene in the war, and suggesting a proclamation in moderate terms to be issued by the latter, holding, however, Paris and the Assembly responsible for any violence to himself and his family, or to the noblesse and the clergy remaining in France. As is well known, there was issued in its place a violent and exasperating production of the Marquis de Limon. M. Daudet remarks that this step, "Allait attendre la famille royale en imprimant une impulsion nouvelle aux furieuses ardeurs de ses ennemis." And this has been the general verdict upon it. It is, however, fair to remember that Lord Gower, the British

ambassador in Paris, described it as having excited little attention.

By influences brought to bear on the king of Prussia, the emigrants were admitted to take a share in the operations of the allied armies. It was a share, however, far short of their aspirations. Condé's army was consigned to the rear. The forces of the princes were distributed in three groups among different divisions of the invading army. It is not probable that in any case their visions of regiments passing over to them, of populations rising to welcome them, would have been realized. But they were entitled to say that their plan had never been tried. It was possible that many Frenchmen might have rallied to the side of their countrymen, acting as principals in a civil war, who would shrink from, and even go on resisting, a body of foreign invaders among whom French emigrants were playing a minor part. But the allied Cabinets had probably a shrewd suspicion that the emigrants, as a matter of fact, were little more popular than foreign invaders.

At first the war seemed to realize all the hopes of the enemies of the Revolution. The armies of Binon and Dillon, which were intended to overrun and revolutionize the Austrian Netherlands, were scattered at the first collision with the enemy. The border fortresses of Longwy and Verdun saw the banners of the invader floating from their walls.

The combined army seemed destined to advance on Paris, which, in its turn, made the revolution of the 10th of August, and stained its streets with the blood of the days of September. But Brunswick, perhaps from slackness, perhaps from want of zeal, delayed to occupy the defiles of the Argonne. They were seized by Dumouriez. The skirmish of Valmy checked the progress of the Germans. And then Brunswick resolved on the retreat, of which M. Daudet says: "*L'histoire n'a pu découvrir les causes de cette résolution,*" and which, in another place, he calls "*incompréhensible et non encore expliquée.*"

The hopes of the emigrants were now shattered. They were in the last stage of distress. The army of the princes was broken up. That of Condé, after much hesitation, was at last taken into Austrian pay, and the revolutionary storm burst over all the principal places which had hitherto sheltered the fugitive; Mayence, the electorate of Treves, Frankfort, the Austrian Netherlands were overrun by the armies of the now proclaimed republic.

It is true that on the year following the tide was for a while turned back. But it was soon clear that the Revolution, which at one moment seemed likely to be crushed, was about, in its turn, to spread as a flood over the adjoining countries of Europe. The hope of a speedy victory so soon dispelled is not one of the illusions with which the emigrants can fairly be reproached. It can hardly be denied that the French declaration of war was a rash act which only good fortune could justify, that the Revolution for a moment was in great peril, that Brunswick's old commander, Frederick the Great, or his younger contemporary, the Archduke Charles, would probably have penetrated beyond the Argonne, which proved his goal. What they fatally mistook were the feelings of France and the political problem before them. The allied armies might conceivably have taken Paris; but a permanent foreign occupation was impossible, and it may be doubted if anything else could have maintained such a government as they desired. The Comte de Provence, as M. Daudet says, had in him "*l'etoffe d'un politique.*" But after quitting France, and under his brothers' influence, he for a while adopted the unfortunate ideas of those around him. Some time later it was the complaint of Mr. Wickham that he insisted on regarding the old system of France as Lord Coke regarded the common law of England — as the perfection of common sense. Such views were held in still greater exaggeration by the Comte d'Artois and Condé, and if these principles were to be the foundation of a restored government it is needless to point out that a triumphant return to Paris would only have been the commencement of their difficulties.

COLCHESTER.

From The Argosy.

HELEN'S LOVER.

I.

"I MAY seem to you, my love, to dwell on this point too fully, but in this I follow Baum, who, in his tractate '*De Thucydidis Erroribus*,' discourses on this battle at length. Are you listening, Helen?"

"Yes, grandfather dear."

But she spoke dreamily, leaning forward with her hands clasped about her knees.

How near the hills appeared in the clear, pale light. She could see the road winding upwards, and the narrow sheep-tracks

through the bracken and the heather. Was it only yesterday that she had come home again? Had she really been away? Or was it all unreal, a trick of the imagination, like the battle her grandfather had been talking of?

He was still talking. Had she glanced up from her low seat at his knees, she would have been startled to see the strained, intense look in his face.

"It is a great opportunity. It is more than I had a right to expect. I told the dean so. I wish you could have seen him, Helen."

"He is very kind," she answered. There was a wagon on the road now, toiling up the steep ascent, the only touch of human life in all the wide, bare landscape. How free and open the outlook was from their cottage. How fresh the air that blew across the moorland. She loved, as one born among them, the grey barrenness of the moors, the stern grandeur of the granite tors. It made her heart leap up to look upon them again. But even as she looked, a far different scene rose before her. A sheltered, wooded coombe running down to the sea; an old garden, gay with summer flowers. Talk going on while she sat silent; talk of books and people all unknown to her — Ibsen, Tolstol, Tourgenieff. And not a word of the great names her grandfather had taught her to love. She had sat silent, listening eagerly to the brilliant, eager talk. Her clever hostesses had taken no trouble to amuse her, but Helen never found out their neglect. It was all so new and wonderful at first. And then had come the consciousness that, outsider as she was in all their conversation, the most brilliant talker of them all was thinking of *her* while he talked to the others.

Her visit ended yesterday. It was at the very end of it, in the moment of parting, that the words were said that she remembered most of all. He had told her she would soon see him again; he was going almost directly to her county town, within a drive of her home, and he wanted to see her home. With these words in her ears, with her whole being tremulous in sweet, shy expectancy, she found it difficult to listen to her grandfather's hopes and fears about his work; she failed to understand what a hungry, feverish, torturing passion the ambition of an old man may become. Hope long deferred had not quenched desire. As he turned over the pages of the manuscript before him there was an exulting sense in him of the power of his work. Once given to the

world it must command success. He had failed to get it published. He had failed so often that for years he had not made a new attempt. He was miserably poor; he had no friends to give him a lifting hand, and the book was of interest only to the select few who care for scholarship. But at last a chance had been afforded him. The dean of the little cathedral city over the hills had become interested in the work. Mr. Tristram had sent a portion for his inspection, and the dean had held out hopes of getting the book published by a learned society of which he was president. This had happened during Helen's absence. Since her return her grandfather had been able to talk of little else. The fruition of his hopes seemed certain to him at last. He had just been reading to her the chapters he had copied to send to the dean.

"I shall take the whole manuscript with me on Thursday," he said, laying his hand lovingly on the bulky mass. "The dean may want it. If I had only made his acquaintance years ago, Helen, we should not be living here now."

"I love the place," said Helen. "We could not like another home so well."

Her grandfather smoothed the bright hair that lay against his knee.

"You are a good, contented child," he said. "But we are out of the world here. It has been all very well for the time, but we will make a change now. How would you like to live near London, Helen?"

"I don't think I should like it at all."

"Or near Oxford? The Bodleian in some ways is better than the British Museum. Tom would like Oxford, my dear." Something in his eager, hopeful tone struck through Helen with a keen pang. She turned round and looked fondly, repentantly up in her grandfather's thin, flushed face. How could she have been thinking of anything but this great news of his?

"Oh, grandfather dear, I don't mind where we live as long as you have what you want."

"That's my own little Helen. But let us get this book published, love, and everything else will follow," was his answer.

It was a long, hilly drive to the cathedral town. They walked to the main road and then the carrier's cart drove them slowly up the long ascent to the top of the moors, and then down into the rich lowlands where the grey towers of the cathedral rose beside the river. The deanery was close under the shadow of those massive towers; a low-browed, gabled house.

Helen was never again in that long, narrow drawing-room, whose fine windows looked upon the green turf of the cathedral close. But to the end of her life she would be able to call up in clear, definite vision, the memory-picture of the room, with its white panelled walls and ceiling garlanded with moulded flowers; with its high, glass-domed bookcases, its slender, century-old chairs and tables, its wealth of blue china. They had been invited to lunch at the deanery, and they were too early. The dean had not come in. They were shown into the drawing-room, and left to wait there. Mr. Tristram peered about in his helpless, short-sighted way to find a table empty enough to afford room for his manuscript; but in the end sat down in one of the more substantial chairs, holding it on his knees. Helen took her seat on one of the cushioned window-sills and let her eyes rest on the carved richness of the cathedral's western front. The door opened behind her, and a young man entered and advanced a few steps before either Helen or Mr. Tristram had become aware of his presence.

"I think I must introduce myself," he was beginning, when Helen turned and hastily rose. He stopped, flushing up to the roots of his dark, closely cropped hair.

"Miss Mainwaring," he faltered. He looked thoroughly discomposed. Helen kept her self-possession in a way that made her secretly marvel at herself. She introduced him to her grandfather with quiet composure.

"Mr. Reynolds, a friend of my cousins, grandpapa. We met at Rosedale."

Mr. Reynolds did not regain his self-command, though they sat and chatted for some moments before the dean came in. He said to Helen as they crossed the hall to the dining-room:—

"I had no idea that Mr. Tristram was your grandfather, or that the Miss Tristram the dean spoke of was *you*."

"I had two grandfathers," she answered lightly. "And the dean is wrong about my name."

"I wish I had known," he said.

"Why?"

He laughed uneasily. The dean had stopped to show Mr. Tristram some coins that hung in a case on the wall, and he stopped, too, and looked down at her with a half-amused, half-annoyed expression on his keen, clear-cut face.

"Don't you see?" he said. "Don't you realize the *rôle* I am playing to-day?"

"My grandfather's critic?"

"Yes. It is greatness thrust upon me. The dean was peremptory."

Helen looked up at him with a quick trembling of the lips. How could he speak so lightly? She felt miserably hurt. But nothing more could be said. The dean had finished his remarks, and they went on into the dining-room. Helen scarcely heard the polite nothings the dean addressed to her in his suave, courtly way. She answered him almost at random, keeping her eyes on her plate. "A gauche little country girl," was the dean's verdict. He felt a strong inclination to yawn as lunch went on. His visitors bored him. He wanted them to go that he might discuss them with John Reynolds. It must amuse him to meet such a queer character as this old pedant. How he was drawing him out.

Mr. Tristram was talking very freely. He was too excited to eat much, and John Reynolds was an attentive listener. Helen, listening with painful eagerness to their conversation, felt her cheeks grow hot with angry pain. She was conscious that Mr. Reynolds was secretly laughing at her grandfather's remarks, while he listened with a grave face and attentive eyes. She caught the tone of pitying superiority in his brief answers. She saw how carefully he avoided looking at the dean. Her heart burnt within her with bitter resentment.

They had coffee in the drawing-room after luncheon. The dean brought out some books of rare prints for Helen to look over.

"And we will go into the library for a little chat," he said, addressing Mr. Tristram, who was moving uneasily about with his manuscript under one arm. His face flushed up with eagerness. He made hurried progress to the door.

Helen's anxious eyes followed him, and as he passed out her glance fell on Reynolds, who was standing near the door. He had made no attempt to speak to her since they had come back to the drawing-room. He had even avoided looking at her. He was leaning lightly against the panelled wall with a look of unmistakable annoyance on his keen, dark face. He did not notice Helen's glance. He passed out after Mr. Tristram, shrugging his shoulders at some inward thought as he did so, and Helen sat down before her book of prints.

She turned over the thick pages, seeing nothing as she did so. What a long while they were away. What were they saying to her grandfather? Was this the meet-

ing she had so eagerly, so fondly, so foolishly waited for?

These were the thoughts that throbbed through her as she waited.

At last there was the sound of footsteps. A moment after the dean came into the room, his sleek face much perturbed.

"Miss Tristram, I fear your grandfather is ill. Will you come to him?"

Helen hurried out. Her grandfather was already in the hall buttoning his coat with shaking fingers.

"He is better," said Mr. Reynolds quickly. He was standing near the old man, but not addressing him.

"Come, Helen," her grandfather said in a high, sharp tone. "It is time for us to go."

She went quickly up to him, slipping her hand through his arm.

"You had better wait a little," said the dean; though while he spoke, he allowed the servant to open the door.

"Let us go, let us go!" the old man said with feverish eagerness. He turned to Mr. Reynolds.

"You may be right, but — but —"

"Oh, do come, grandfather dear," exclaimed Helen, frightened at his excited look as he turned towards the younger man.

"Don't you think you had better wait?" the dean said again.

She shook her head as she held out her hand to say good-bye.

"I shall see your grandfather again," said the dean gently. Her face made him pitiful. "When he is calm, you know."

Helen did not speak. She shook hands with Reynolds and hurriedly joined her grandfather, who had gone down the steps and was waiting on the gravel walk. They went along the path and out at the arched gateway. Mr. Tristram hurried along, leaning on Helen. He looked a feeble, broken-down old man.

"I am glad to get him off, to tell the truth," said the dean, with an uneasy laugh. "I was afraid of a fit. Who could have thought he would have taken it to heart like this?"

"How will they get home?" his companion asked. He had gone out on the doorstep to watch them down the narrow street.

"Oh, the carrier's cart, I suppose," returned the dean carelessly, "they are horribly poor. I owe you a turn, Reynolds, for saving me from being mixed up in the business. I really believed in the old fellow, you know."

"You seem to wilfully misunderstand me," returned his companion, coming back into the cool, flower-lit hall. "It's a scholarly book — a great book in its way, most probably — but it takes no account of modern researches, which makes it useless. You were too hard upon him."

"Why, didn't you tell me yesterday that it was rubbish, not worth the paper it was written on?"

"No, I didn't. I said it was obsolete, and, as it stands, not much better than waste paper."

"Well, that means exactly the same; I may not have quoted your words, but I conveyed the sense of them to him. Where are you going?"

"Where does the carrier's cart start from?"

"Nonsense. I claim a game of chess from you."

"Somebody ought to look after them."

But he hesitated as he spoke and drew a step or two back.

"Oh, they will be all right. That girl looks sensible. It is a pity she has such awkward manners. But they are buried in the country, poor things."

"How far from the town do they live?"

"Oh, a dozen or so miles. But come, let us get to our game. We mustn't forget the bishop's garden party."

If Mr. Reynolds had had any idea of following Helen he gave it up and had his game of chess with the dean. He was badly beaten, to his host's great triumph.

"I believe I am a match for you, after all," he chuckled, as he swept the pieces into the box. But his opponent had played almost at random. He was thinking intently of his own next move in the game of life.

He had come to the town with a definite purpose. He had made up his mind to ask Helen Mainwaring to marry him. She loved him, he was almost sure of that, and he had fallen passionately in love with her. But to-day's events had been a shock to him. He was an ambitious man, a man who had climbed the first few difficult rounds of fortune's ladder and felt the next was easy if he made no false steps.

He had believed that his marriage with Helen would satisfy his brain as well as his heart. He knew her rich, clever cousins well. He had expected to find Helen on terms of equality with the best people she lived among; he had counted on meeting her at the bishop's garden party that afternoon. Why, of course, she must be there. So he had said to himself. To meet her as he had met her at the dean's

was a shock his love was scarcely able to stand.

And Helen herself? It had disillusioned him to find her so shy, so awkward, so ill at ease. It was her gracious dignity of manner, her serene, sweet unconsciousness of self that had singled her out for him, star-like, amongst those clever women at Rosedale. But the dean's laughing criticisms were true enough for Helen as she had appeared to-day.

He had intended to call on her at once, but he would not do that now; he would put it off a day or two. So he decided as the dean checkmated him.

II.

THE days went fast at the deanery. The dean was proud of his distinguished young visitor, and lost no opportunity of drawing him into the society of the place. The bishop had a clever daughter, and she and Reynolds found a great deal to say to each other.

One evening, nearly a week after Helen's visit to the deanery, the two men sat smoking by the fire before going to bed. They had been dining at the palace, and Reynolds had been the life of the party.

"You know the bishop's first wife was a Carisford?" said the dean, apropos of nothing.

"Was she?"

"Yes, that girl of hers has brilliant connections. A good fortune, too. The man who marries her will do well."

"Possibly."

"There's nothing that affects a man's future like his marriage," went on the dean earnestly. He glanced sideways at his companion, who was looking steadily into the fire, with compressed lips and frowning eyes.

It was the next day that John Reynolds saw Helen again. He was with the bishop's daughter. They had met at a tennis-party and were coming home together down the High Street, with their rackets in their hands.

Reynolds was talking lightly to his companion, and she was laughing merrily, when they came suddenly face to face with Helen, who had just come out of a shop.

She had a basket in her hand and she was most simply and plainly dressed.

She passed them quickly, bowing slightly as she did so. Reynolds raised his hat and went on with his broken sentence.

His companion noticed no difference in his manner. She never guessed how

wildly his heart was beating. How his whole nature was shaken through and through at the sight of that slight girl in the shabby dress and old-fashioned hat.

If John Reynolds had known how Helen had waited for him to come, day after day, till her love seemed to sicken, to die, to change to very hate; he could not have cursed his folly more as he walked beside his gay companion, answering her remarks with remarks as gay.

He left her at her door and hurried back along the street. But Helen had vanished.

Next morning he told the dean that he intended to call on Mr. Tristram that day.

His host tried to laugh him out of it, and then suddenly agreed that it was a kind thing to do. Why should they not make up a party? Let him wait till the next day.

But Reynolds started off directly after breakfast. He was eager to condone his long delay. It was noon before he had climbed the long, up-hill road that led from the lowlands to the shoulder of the grey peak that looked down on Helen's home. From its highest point the road sloped steeply for awhile till the level of the bare, undulating moorland was reached, then it wound along with wide stretches of heath and gorse on each side, keeping step with a little brown brook that bubbled out of the side and sang its way across the moors.

The road passed a few hundred yards from the cottage, and a footpath, paved with short, velvety grass, led upwards to the white gate in the low stone fence.

He walked up the path, and seeing neither bell nor knocker, rapped sharply on the painted door. There was only the pause of a moment. Then a light step sounded on the flagged passage and the door was opened by Helen herself. She was startled, but she did not show it. She looked at him with bright, calm eyes.

"How kind of you to call," she said. She hesitated a moment and then came out in the porch, shutting the door behind her.

"My grandfather has just fallen asleep," she said, with that clear, steady light in her eyes. "I am afraid to ask you to come in, for the sound of a strange voice might wake him. Would you come into the garden?"

She stepped before him with the gesture of a young princess asking a subject to enter the royal domains. Reynolds followed her down the narrow path to the plot of grass near the entrance gate. An ash-tree grew there, its shadow falling on

Helen's face as she turned to him. She looked on the ground a second, and then her eyes met his again with that cool friendliness which so annoyed him.

"You must let me get you some lunch. You have had a long walk."

"I should like to see your grandfather," he answered, declining to notice her offer of lunch; "will he sleep long?"

Helen's hands met with a nervous gesture. "I am sorry," she said, "but he is not well. He must not see any one."

Slowly, and with difficulty, Mr. Reynolds's mind travelled back to the events of last week. He had thought so little of Helen's grandfather. "He seemed much excited that day," he said; "I don't think he understood us."

"That was scarcely your fault, was it?" she returned.

He looked at her with a sudden lighting of his face. "You are angry with me."

"Then I am very unreasonable."

He had always admired her clear, finely toned voice. It was clear as a silver bell as she answered, and her eyes looked coldly and calmly at him.

"You are angry," he faltered. When had he lost his self-possession before? He had had great events, great successes, great excitements in his life, but his heart had never beat as it was beating now, as he looked humbly, imploringly at Helen. "I did what your grandfather himself must recognize as the best and kindest thing, I told him the truth. Would you have had me deceive him?"

"We will not discuss it." She turned slightly from him, leaning her elbow on the wall and looking across the moor. "Tell me what you think of our country here, Mr. Reynolds. It is your first visit, I think?"

"Do you suppose I am going to discuss the scenery with you?" His voice was shaken with angry feeling. "What is my offence? Tell me plainly."

She lifted her delicate eyebrows as she glanced at him. He had never seen her do that before. It pointed her quiet words, making them strike deep.

"There is no offence."

He drew a step nearer her. He put his hand on the wall close to hers, but not touching it.

"You shall make me understand," he said. "Look at me, Helen." She drew herself upright, bringing her hands together in a close clasp, and raised her steady eyes to meet his glance.

"I do not wish to speak of it," she said.

"My grandfather and I have decided what to do. It was right for you to tell him. I acknowledge that."

"Then why do you blame me?"

She looked at him in silence. He saw her lips tremble, her eyes fill. It gave him courage to go on.

"Think of me a moment. You know what I have come to say."

She made a quick gesture. "I beg of you to be silent."

"You will not hear me?" His face grew white to the lips.

"You will be glad afterwards," she said quickly. "Let our pleasant friendship end pleasantly."

"We have not been friends. We cannot be friends. You know it. I love you." He stopped a moment, and then repeated the words — "I love you."

She had looked up at him, trying to keep her calmness, but it gave way. With a low "Oh, you should have been silent," she turned from him, covering her face with her hands, in a burst of bitter weeping. He stood silent. He put his hand on the wall to steady himself, for he was trembling violently. He had never faced the chance that she would refuse him. He could not face it now.

She checked her tears in a moment, and looked up at him gently, pleadingly.

"I ought not to have let you speak," she said. "You would have thought of me more kindly. I wanted to part as friends."

He stopped a moment to choose his words. Wild, passionate appeals, bitter reproaches rose to his lips as he looked at her, but he could not utter them.

"Am I to go?" he said falteringly.

"Don't let us part in anger," she answered. She held out her hands to him.

"In anger?" He did not touch her hands. "Helen, Helen, do you know how I love you?"

"We must part." She spoke in a low voice. "I beg of you to say no more."

"Do you really mean it? I have been so certain that you loved me. Forgive me for saying so. But have I been wholly self-deceived?" He stopped a moment.

"Are you sure, are you sure you do not love me?" he added, in a passionately imploring tone. "Give me a little hope."

"I cannot." The words were very low, but calm and steady.

He scanned her face for one line of doubt, of hesitation.

"You send me away?"

"I must."

He drew a long, deep breath. There

was silence for a moment; then he said, "I accept your answer. I accept it. But I want to understand. Have I been wrong all the time — a dupe of my own vanity? At Rosedale? I could swear you were beginning to love me then." She did not speak.

"Have I lost you through my tardiness? Be frank, Helen. You owe it to me."

She raised her head, with a touch of haughtiness in the gesture.

"I owe you an answer. You have had it."

"But I have disappointed you. Fallen short of the ideal you had set up for me. Showed myself poor clay where you expected gold. You are right. Despise me; I deserve it. But I love you! I love you! Give me a little hope."

There was not a line of hesitation in the quiet, steady face she turned on him. "I have given you my answer," she said gently. "It is a final one. It is useless pain to both of us to continue this."

"You despise me?"

She looked at him with those deep, calm eyes. "Why should I? You were very kind to me. I do not forget it."

There was silence for a moment. Then she said, with her full look still resting on his agitated, miserable face, —

"I must go in, Mr. Reynolds. I may be wanted."

"One moment," he exclaimed. He stood looking on the ground in intense, painful thought. Then he said in a low voice: "Tell me what you are going to do. You told me you had decided on something."

"Why should I trouble you with our plans?" she answered faintly.

"Ah, that is not like you. You should not have said that. Tell me."

"We are going to London. He is going to revise his book there."

He looked at her slim, delicate figure, her pale, sweet face. He had never loved her as he loved her now.

"Are you going alone, you two?"

"Of course. We have made our plans already. It is the only thing that comforts him."

"I won't keep you," he said. "I see you want to go. But I want you to promise me one thing. It is not much to ask."

"Tell me," she returned quietly.

"Promise to trust me as a friend when we meet again."

"Yes; I may promise that."

"Give me your hand on it." He took it and held it fast.

"You must go. Good-bye."

He dropped her hand and she left him. He watched her go; watched her along the path and into the house. Then he set out on his homeward walk. But before he reached the main road he sat down. He sat there a long time thinking intently. He was thinking of the future. He was making a choice; he had made it when at last he rose and set his face towards the hills. It was late when he got back to the deanery. He said little to the dean about his day's expedition, and the private opinion of his host was that he had missed his road and was too proud to confess it.

Next day they were sitting smoking by the study fire just before dinner, and the dean laughingly referred to his knocked-up look on reaching home the night before.

"You are no hill-man, my dear fellow. It is lucky Cambridge is so flat."

Mr. Reynolds was silent for a moment, then he put his pipe down and quietly said, "I have refused the tutorship."

"Refused it? Impossible!"

"I wrote to-day to give it up."

He took up his pipe and began to smoke again, looking steadily at the fire.

"My dear fellow, are you in your right senses? You will never get such a chance again, never. It is suicide."

"Well, it's done."

"But what on earth has made you do such a thing?"

"Second thoughts," he returned shortly.

"But — but — what are you going to do?"

"Enter into Laban's service."

"I don't understand you."

"No? Well, I don't understand myself quite," returned the other, with a queer, somewhat rueful, smile. "But the thing's done, dean. Dead and done with, and I am going to begin all over again."

III.

As Mr. Tristram put it, "They burnt their ships behind them." Like London or Loathe it, they should have to stay there. The little moorland cottage was sold; all the old furniture was disposed of; only the books were kept. Some empty rooms were taken in a street near the British Museum, and furnished as cheaply as possible, and then they settled down. It was Helen's energy and determination that had done it all. It was Helen's bright spirit that kept the little home cheerful through the dark days of that long November. The fogs had come early, had come heavily. Day after day the streets were shrouded in that funereal pall which

tires the fortitude of the most enthusiastic Londoners. To Helen, who hated towns at all times, who would have pined like a lark for the country in the splendor of a London June, those days of fog were days of slow torture. But she never repined, she never lost her ready smile, her merry speech. Mr. Tristram never guessed what life meant to her just then. He was well again, but not well enough to stay long at the Museum library. It was Helen's task to go there and copy out the extracts he wanted. The book was to be thoroughly revised, and then Mr. Tristram would publish it at his own expense.

It would take nearly all their little stock of capital to do it, and he had feebly remonstrated when Helen had proposed the plan.

"I must think of you, my dear," he had said, though his eyes had grown bright with newly renewed hope. But Helen had set her heart on seeing her grandfather's life-long wish accomplished.

"You have thought of me too much," she said, stroking the weak hand she held. "And I can do many things. Besides, what will the book do for us?"

"It must succeed," he answered eagerly. "Yes, you are right, my dear. I have been too faint-hearted. You have put new life in me, my own brave girl."

It was weary work. It became an almost hopeless work as the days went on, and the store of new material accumulated, and Helen saw that her grandfather no longer had strength enough to grapple with his task.

They had been in London nearly a month. The longest, dreariest month that Helen had ever known, ever would know. She had left her grandfather poring over his papers by the lamplight, and had picked her way through the dark, wet streets to the Museum. Her grandfather had found a reference to some science magazine in one of his books, and he had asked her to copy a certain article for him. She had some difficulty in getting the magazine, and she was explaining what she wanted to a puzzled official, when she felt a light touch on her hand. She turned.

"Let me help you," said Mr. Reynolds in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone; "the name of that paper is altered."

In a moment all difficulties vanished, and Helen went back to her seat, knowing the magazine would be brought to her in a few moments.

It took her a long time to copy the article, and she never raised her head or

looked round while she labored at her task.

Yet she was conscious that Mr. Reynolds was sitting busy at work, with a great pile of books around him, a few desks away.

The clock was striking six when she had finished. She carried back the book and then went swiftly out through the swinging doors. She was claiming her umbrella when Mr. Reynolds came up to claim his, and they went out together, through the dimly lighted hall, into the foggy night. He stopped on the steps and held out his hand.

"You promised that we were to be friends," he said gravely.

That night Helen and her grandfather worked late. Helen felt more hopeless than she had ever felt about the prospects of the book, for her grandfather was obviously incapable of working in the new material properly. But her pity for him was only the deeper for this knowledge, and she toiled on by his side far into the night trying to get certain chapters finished. He gave up at last and sat down by the fire, rubbing his hands and looking bright and eager.

"We are getting on," he said jubilantly; "it will soon be over, my dear. A few more weeks and we shall see the end of it."

Helen sat down by his side, on her low stool, and laid her head against him. She felt too sick at heart to be able to answer him in any other way. He smoothed down the soft, bright hair, but with an absent hand; his thoughts were busy. Helen was just thinking whether she should tell him she had met Mr. Reynolds that night, when he mentioned his name.

"I wonder where that fellow Reynolds is, my love; I should like to see him."

Helen gave a painful start. It was not the first time her grandfather's manner had struck her as strange, as so unlike his habitually reserved, formal ways. It was a moment or two before she could answer in her usual tone.

"It is strange you mention him, grandfather dear. I met him to-night in the library; I was just going to tell you so."

"I want to see him," her grandfather returned eagerly; "tell him so, Helen. I was unjust, absurd about him. He did me a good turn, didn't he?"

"He told you the truth."

"Yes; he put me on the right track. Why, we should be mouldering still in that place if it were not for him. A con-

ceited fellow, too; a Cambridge prig, Helen."

Helen did not answer. She took up her grandfather's hand and pressed her lips on it.

"It will do him good to see my work now," the old man went on with a feeble chuckle; "eh, Helen? We can teach him somewhat now, can't we? You must bring him in to see me, my dear, next time you meet."

"I shall hardly see him again. He is a Cambridge lecturer, you know; he can't be in London often. It was the merest chance we met."

A day or two after this, Mr. Tristram went to the Museum alone. Helen had some household work to do, for they kept no servant. Long before his usual time for coming home she heard her grandfather's voice on the stairs, loud and cheerful, as his voice had become lately. Some one must be with him. They were so absolutely friendless in London, that Helen could think of no one, except—except—but he it could not be. She took off her apron and wiped the flour off her hands and went into the front room. Her grandfather opened the door as she came in from the inner room, and looked at her with a triumphant smile.

"Here is Mr. Reynolds, Helen. Come in, come in," he exclaimed, turning round and beckoning to his companion.

Helen and Mr. Reynolds shook hands in silence.

"Now I will show you what I have been doing," went on Mr. Tristram in his loud voice. He went up to the table and began to fling over the papers. "Helen, come here, my dear. Where's that section I altered yesterday? You won't say we are behind the times now, Reynolds. Just look here."

He began explaining the pages he took up, but almost immediately dropped them and went off to his bedroom to get some book he wanted to show his visitor.

Mr. Reynolds turned quickly to Helen, who was standing pale and silent by the fire.

"Do you wish me to go? Will you trust me enough to let me stay? You have only to say one word and I will go at once, but let me stay. You can trust me."

Helen raised her eyes to his with a sudden imploring look.

"Do you notice how changed he is?" she said in a low voice, speaking out the trouble that had lain so heavily upon her.

"He is overtaxed, overstrained. It

will be all right when this is done with. I am sure of it."

"It will never be finished." Her voice had passionate despair in it. "Oh, don't you see?"

"I am going to help him," was the quick answer. "Nay, you must not refuse me. I did him wrong; he has given me the chance to undo that wrong. You have no right to step between us."

"There, that's the book," exclaimed Mr. Tristram, coming back with a great folio volume in his arms. "My books must really be arranged more carefully, Helen. I shall want them constantly now. Mr. Reynolds is going to look over the alterations I have made in the manuscript, and I shall want to show him my authorities."

Insensibly the burden, that had been growing too heavy for Helen, slipped from her, and the dark days grew bright with new hope.

The book was making wonderful progress now. Everything seemed to go right under the guidance of Mr. Reynolds. Mr. Tristram grew more like his old self as he learned to rely on his fellow-worker's help, and recognized what valuable help it was.

One day Helen met Mr. Reynolds coming up the stairs, two or three stairs at a time, with a pile of books under his arm. She had had no chance of speaking to him alone for days and days, and she stopped now, determined to say out what was burning in her heart.

"What right have we to take your time like this?" she said, her voice vibrating with strong feeling. He stopped, and looked up at her as she stood a step or two above him.

"No right? Oh, Helen!" Before she could answer he went on quickly: "Don't mistake me. I am asking for nothing. I am not as bad as that. But you won't deny me this happiness."

"But your own work? You give yourself up to this."

He smiled at her. "This will soon be done. And I am proud to have a part in it. It is a great book—a wonderful book. More and more I see its merits."

"Are you sure?" said Helen faintly. "I had lost all faith in it. Is it really good?"

"Indeed it is," he answered earnestly. "It was a shame to me to have been so blind at first."

"Oh, don't speak of that," she answered quickly. "Can we ever forget what we owe you?"

"Do you know my name is to appear at large in the preface?" His tone was light, but his eyes had a depth of feeling in them. "Your grandfather insists on a public acknowledgment of my help. I think yours ought to be there, too."

"I did so much, didn't I?" she answered, with a little smile. "And now I am doing nothing."

The days went on. Christmas came and went. The New Year came and brought blue sky and sunshine.

"I never thought the sun could shine like this in London," said Helen to her grandfather, as she stood looking out of the high window at the sky above the roofs. It all looked so bright and cheerful to-day. There were sparrows twittering close at hand; there was a woman selling flowers in the street below: great masses of anemones, white and red. Helen looked down at the flowers with a quick desire for some. But it was a long way down the stairs, and they had no money to spare for flowers. It seemed to her that he must have divined that wish when, turning round at the opening of the door, she saw John Reynolds come in with a big bunch of the anemones in his hand.

"I couldn't resist them," he said, putting them carelessly on the table. "I don't think I can work to-day, Mr. Tristram. I want you both to come out with me."

Mr. Tristram looked wistfully at the table, but he could not resist the gleam of delight on Helen's face, and they soon started.

"I am going to take you into Regent's Park," Mr. Reynolds said. "You abuse poor London so, Miss Mainwaring, that I want to show you something more like country than you dream of."

They walked on, saying little till they reached the park. It was a wonderful day; with a balmy air and a sun shining brightly in a cloudless sky. Mr. Tristram sat down on one of the benches in the walk they entered, and Helen and Mr. Reynolds strolled on.

"This is a new London to me," she said, looking round her with delight. "But oh, how it makes me long for the real, *real* country. It is almost worse than the fogs for that."

"Do you mean to say you want your moors instead of this?"

"Ah, you don't know what they are," Helen answered, with a long breath.

Both thought, with a sudden rush of feeling, of that day he had spent among

the moors. Neither spoke for a moment. Then he said, —

"You know the book is finished except a page or two. I saw those publishers again last night." He mentioned the name of a famous firm. "I feel sure they will take it at their own risk, but I do not wish your grandfather to know till it is quite settled."

"You are very kind," she said, in a low voice. "He is much better, don't you think so?"

"Oh, much — much better." He stopped. There were some railings dividing the path from the sweep of grass, and he rested his arm on them, not looking at Helen, but down on the ground.

"My work here is nearly over now," he said.

"Ah, how shall we thank you?" answered Helen.

"Do you know what I am wishing?" he said, in a quick, agitated voice. All his lightness of manner had gone. Helen saw now how pale and worn and unhappy he looked.

"What do you wish?" she said gently. "That I had never done anything for you. That there had been no need for help from me."

Helen could not speak. She felt too profoundly hurt. He saw the look in her face and went hurriedly on.

"Ah, don't you see? I don't want your gratitude. It is hateful to me. Do you think I claim anything from you as a reward of my service? I claim nothing. You are absolutely free."

"I must be grateful."

"Not if you had loved me. It would have been your right —"

Helen gave him one look and hurriedly moved away. He walked on by her side a few steps, and then broke the silence.

"I ought not to have said that. Forgive me; I would do anything in the world rather than give you pain." He stopped a moment and then went on. "I did it to try to win you back. I came to London for that. But I gave up hope weeks ago. Whatever I have done since then has been done for no selfish reason. Do me the justice to believe that."

"Oh, I do believe it."

"I was a fool once, you know," he said, with a self-scornful laugh. "A confident fool. I know my own value better now."

They had come in sight of the bench, where her grandfather sat sunning himself in mild content. Some children were standing on the bank of the water feeding the ducks, with an accompaniment of

merry shouts and cries. No one else was in sight. Helen stopped and looked hesitatingly at her companion.

"Well?" he said, with an effort at a smile.

"Are you sure?" Helen began. She stopped; her face lighted up with a glow of softest, tenderest rose-color.

"Sure?" he echoed.

"Sure that you are so very wise now?"

"Helen!"

But she had walked quickly on to her grandfather's side. They could say no more to each other. But what more was there need to say just then? "To hear with eyes belongs to love's rare wit."

From Longman's Magazine.

THE SPANISH STORY OF THE ARMADA.

I.

THE fate of the great expedition sent by Philip the Second to restore the papal authority in England has been related often in prose and verse. It is the most dramatic incident in our national history, and the materials for a faithful account of it in the contemporary narratives are unusually excellent. The English nature on that occasion was seen at its very best. The days had not yet come of inflated self-praise, and the spirit which produces actions of real merit is usually simple in the description of such actions. Good wine needs no bush. The finest jewels need least a gaudy setting; and as the newspaper correspondent was not yet born, and the men who did the fighting wrote also the reports, the same fine and modest temper is equally seen in both.

Necessarily, however, Englishmen could only tell what they themselves had seen, and the other side of the story has been left untold. The Spanish historians have never attempted to minimize the magnitude of their disaster, but they have left the official records to sleep in the shades of their public offices, and what the Spanish commanders might have themselves to say of their defeat and its causes has been left hitherto unprinted. I discovered myself at Simancas the narrative of the accountant-general of the fleet, Don Pedro Coto Calderon, and made use of it in my own history. But Don Pedro's account showed only how much more remained to be discovered, of which I myself could find no record either in print or manuscript.

The defect has now been supplied by

the industry and patriotism of an officer in the present Spanish navy, who has brought together a collection of letters and documents bearing on the subject which is signally curious and interesting. Captain Fernandez Duro deserves grateful thanks and recognition, as enabling us for the first time really to understand what took place. But more than that, he reproduces the spirit and genius of the time; he enables us to see, face to face, the De Valdez, the Recaldes, the Oquendos, the De Ley Vas, who had hitherto been only names to us. The Iliad would lose half its interest if we knew only Agamemnon and Achilles and knew nothing of Priam and Hector. The five days' battle in the English Channel in August, 1588, was fought out between men on both sides of a signally gallant and noble nature; and when the asperities of theology shall have mellowed down at last, Spanish and English authorities together will furnish materials for a great epic poem.

Until that happy and still far-distant time shall arrive, we must appropriate and take up into the story Captain Duro's contribution. With innocent necromancy he calls the dead out of their graves and makes them play their drama over again. With his assistance we will turn to the city of Lisbon, on the 25th of April of the *Annus Mirabilis*. The preparations were then all but completed for the invasion of England and the overthrow of the Protestant heresy. From all parts of Catholic Europe the prayers of the faithful had ascended for more than a year in a stream of passionate entreaty that God would arise and make his power known. Masses had been said day after day on fifty thousand altars; and devout nuns had bruised their knees in midnight watches on the chapel pavements. The event so long hoped for was to come at last. On that day the consecrated standard was to be presented in state to the commander-in-chief of the expedition. Catholics had collected from every corner of the world; Spanish and Italian, French and Irish, English and German owning a common nationality in the Church. The Portuguese alone of Catholic nations looked on in indifference. Portugal had been recently annexed by force to Spain. The wound was still bleeding, and even religion failed to unite the nobles and people in common cause with their conquerors. But Lisbon had ceased to be a Portuguese city. Philip dealt with it as he pleased, and the Church of Portugal, at least on this occasion, was at Philip's disposition.

There was something of real piety in what was going on; and there was much of the artificial emotion which bore the same relation to piety which the enthusiasm of the Knight of La Mancha bore to true chivalry. Philip himself in certain aspects of his character was not unlike Don Quixote. He believed that he was divinely commissioned to extirpate the dragons and monsters of heresy. As the adventure with the enchanted horse had been specially reserved for Don Quixote, so the "enterprise of England," in the inflated language of the time, was said to have been reserved for Philip; and as analogies are apt to complete themselves, the fat, good-humored, and entirely incapable Medina Sidonia had a certain resemblance to Sancho. The Duke of Medina had no ambition for such adventures; he would have greatly preferred staying at home, and only consented to take the command out of a certain dog-like obedience to his master. The representatives of the imaginary powers had been called in to bring him to accept the dangerous responsibility. A pious hermit told him that he had been instructed by the Almighty to promise him victory. The prioress of the Annunciata Maria di la Visitacion, who had received the five wounds and was punished afterwards as a detected impostor, had seen Santiago and two angels smiting Drake and his unbelieving comrades, and she assured the duke of glory in both worlds if he went. The duke's experience of English admirals had been, so far, not glorious to him at all. He had been in command at Cadiz two years before when the English fleet sailed up the harbor, burnt eighteen large ships, and went off unfought with, taking six more away with them. All Spain had cried shame and called the duke a coward, but Philip had refused to be displeased, and had deliberately chosen him for an undertaking far more arduous than the defence of a provincial port. On this April 25 he was to receive his commission, with the standard under which he was to go into action, and the Catholic Church was to celebrate the occasion with its imposing splendors and imperious solemnities.

The Armada lay in the Tagus waiting the completion of the ceremony. It was the most powerful armament which had ever been collected in modern Europe, a hundred and thirty ships — great galleons from a thousand to thirteen hundred tons; galliasses rowed by three hundred slaves, carrying fifty guns; galleys almost as

formidable, and other vessels, the best appointed which Spain and Italy could produce. They carried nine thousand seamen, seasoned mariners who had served in all parts of the world, and seventeen thousand soldiers, who were to join Parma and assist the conquest of England. Besides them were some hundreds of nobles and gentlemen who, with their servants and retinues, had volunteered for the new crusade, gallant, high-spirited youths quite ready to fight with Satan himself in the cause of Spain and Holy Church. In them all was a fine profession of enthusiasm — qualified, indeed, among the seamen by a demand for wages in advance and a tendency to desert when they received them. But a regiment of priests dispersed through the various squadrons kept alive in most the sense that they were going on the most glorious expedition ever undertaken by man.

The standard which was to be presented itself indicated the sacred character of the war. Into the royal arms of Spain there had been introduced as supporters on one side Christ on the cross, on the other the Virgin mother, and on the scroll below was written: "Exsurge Deus et vindica causam tuam" "Arise, O Lord, and avenge thy cause." "Philip, by the grace of God King of Castille, of Leon, of Aragon, the two Sicilies, Jerusalem, Portugal, Navarre, Granada, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, Majorca, Sardinia, Cordova, Corsica, Murcia, Jaen, Algaves, Algesiras, Gibraltar, the Canary Islands, the East and West Indies, the Isles and Continents of the Ocean; Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant and Milan, Count of Hapsburgh, Count of Flanders, Tirc, and Barcelona; Lord of Biscay and Molina," etc.; the monarch, in short, whose name was swathed in these innumerable titles, had determined to commit the sacred banner to his well-beloved Don Alonzo de Guzman, surnamed El Bueno, or the Good, and under its folds to sweep the ocean clear of the piratical squadrons of the English queen. The scene was the great metropolitan church of Lisbon, the Iglesia Major. It was six o'clock in the morning; streets and squares were lined with troops who had been landed from the ships. The king was represented by his nephew, the cardinal archduke, who was viceroy of Portugal. The viceroy rode out of the palace with the duke on his right hand, followed by the gentlemen adventurers of the expedition in their splendid dresses. At the church they were received by the archbishop. The standard

was placed on the altar. Mass was sung. The viceroy then led the duke up the altar steps, lifted a fold of the standard and placed it in his hands, while, as the signal was passed outside, the ships in the river and the troops in the streets fired a salute — “una pequeña salva,” a small one, for powder was scarce and there was none to waste. The scene was not impressive, and the effect was frittered away in a complexity of details. The archbishop took the holy sacrament and passed out of the church, followed by a stream of monks and secular clergy. The archduke and the newly made cardinal went after them, the standard being borne by the duke's cousin, Don Luis of Cordova, who was to accompany him to England. In this order they crossed the great square to the Dominican convent, where the scene in the Iglesia Major was repeated. The Dominicans received the procession at the door. The standard was again laid on the altar, this time by the duke himself, as if to signify the consecration of his own person to the service of the beings whose forms were embroidered upon it. The religious part of the transaction finished, they returned to the palace, and stood on the marble stairs while the troops fired a second volley. The men were then marched to their boats, with an eye on them to see that none deserted, and his Royal Highness and the Captain-General of the Ocean, as the duke was now entitled, went in to breakfast.

The presentation had wanted dignity and perhaps seriousness. There was no spontaneous enthusiasm. The Portuguese aristocracy were pointedly absent, and the effect was rather of some artificial display got up by the clergy and the government. And yet the expedition of which this scene was the preliminary had for sixty years been the dream of Catholic piety, and the discharge at last of a duty with which the Spanish nation appeared to be peculiarly charged. The Reformation in England had commenced with the divorce of a Spanish princess. Half the English nation had been on Catherine's side and had invited Philip's father to send troops to help them to maintain her. As the quarrel deepened, and England became the stronghold of heresy, the English Catholics, the popes, the clergy universally had entreated Charles, and Philip after him, to strike at the heart of the mischief and take a step which, if successful, would end the Protestant rebellion and give peace to Europe. The great emperor and Philip too had listened re-

luctantly. Rulers responsible for the administration of kingdoms do not willingly encourage subjects in rebellion, even under the plea of religion. The divorce of Catherine had been an affront to Charles the Fifth and to Spain, yet it was not held to be a sufficient ground for war, and Philip had resisted for a quarter of a century the supplications of the suffering saints to deliver them from the tyranny of Elizabeth. It was an age of revolt against established authority. New ideas, new obligations of duty were shaking mankind. Obedience to God was held as superior to obedience to man; while each man was forming for himself his own conception of what God required of him. The intellect of Europe was outgrowing its creed. Part of the world had discovered that doctrines and practices which had lasted for fifteen hundred years were false and idolatrous. The other and larger part called the dissentients rebels and children of the devil, and set to work to burn and kill them. At such times kings and princes have enough to do to maintain order in their own dominions, and even when they are of opposite sides have a common interest in maintaining the principle of authority. Nor when the pope himself spoke on the Catholic side were Catholic princes completely obedient. For the pope's pretensions to deprive kings and dispose of kingdoms were only believed in by the clergy. No secular sovereign in Europe admitted a right which reduced him to the position of a pope's vassal. Philip held that he sufficiently discharged his own duties in repressing heresy among his own subjects without interfering with his neighbors. Elizabeth was as little inclined to help Dutch and French and Scotch Calvinists. Yet the power of princes, even in the sixteenth century, was limited, and it rested, after all, on the good-will of their own people. Common sympathies bound Catholics to Catholics and Protestants to Protestants, and every country in Europe became a caldron of intrigue and conspiracy. Catholics disclaimed allegiance to Protestant sovereigns, Protestants in Catholic countries looked to their fellow-religionists elsewhere to save them from stake and sword, and thus between all parties, in one form or another, there were perpetual collisions, which the forbearance of statesmen alone prevented from breaking out into universal war.

Complete forbearance was not possible. Community of creed was a real bond which could not be ignored, nor in the general uncertainty could princes afford

to reject absolutely and entirely the overtures made to them by each other's subjects. When they could not assist they were obliged to humor and encourage. Charles the Fifth refused to go to war to enforce the sentence of Rome upon Henry the Eighth, but he allowed his ambassadors to thank and stimulate Catherine's English friends. Philip was honestly unwilling to draw the sword against his sister-in-law, Elizabeth; but he was the secular head of Catholic Christendom, bound to the maintenance of the faith. He had been titular king of England, and to him the English Catholics naturally looked as their protector. He had to permit his De Quadras and his Mendozas to intrigue with disaffection, to organize rebellion, and, if other means failed, to encourage the queen's assassination. To kill dangerous or mischievous individuals was held permissible as an alternative for war, or as a means of ending disturbance. It was approved of even by Sir Thomas More in his Utopia. William the Silent was murdered in the Catholic interest. Henri Quatre was murdered in the Catholic interest, and any one who would do the same to the English Jezebel would be counted to have done good service. Elizabeth had to defend herself with such resources as she possessed. She could not afford to demand open satisfaction; but she could send secret help to the Prince of Orange; she could allow her privateers to seize Spanish treasures on the high seas or plunder Philip's West Indian cities. She could execute the traitorous priests who were found teaching rebellion in England. Philip in return could let the Inquisition burn English sailors as heretics when they could catch them. And thus the two nations had drifted on, still nominally at peace and each unwilling to declare open war; but peace each year was more difficult to preserve, and Philip was driven on by the necessities of things to some open and decided action. The fate of the Reformation in Europe turned on the event of a conflict between Spain and England. Were England conquered and recovered to the Papacy, it was believed universally that first the Low Countries and then Germany would be obliged to submit.

Several times a Catholic invasion of England had been distinctly contemplated. The Duke of Alba was to have tried it. Don John of Austria was to have tried it. The Duke of Guise was to have tried it. The nearest and latest occasion had been after the conquest of Portugal and

the great defeat of the French at the Azores in 1583. The Spanish navy was in splendid condition, excited by a brilliant victory, and led by an officer of real distinction, Alonzo de Bazan, Marques de Santa Cruz. A few English privateers had been in the defeated fleet at the battle of Terceira; and Santa Cruz, with the other naval commanders, was eager to follow up his success, and avenge the insults which had been offered for so many years to the Spanish flag by the English corsairs. France, like all northern Europe, was torn into factions. The Valois princes were Liberal and anti-Spanish. The house of Guise was fanatically Catholic, and too powerful for the crown to control. Santa Cruz was a diplomatist as well as a seaman. He had his correspondents in England. In Guise he had a friend and confederate. One of the many plots formed was for the murder of Elizabeth. Santa Cruz and the Spanish navy were to hold the Channel. Guise was to cross under their protection and land an army in Sussex. The Catholics were to rise, set free Mary Stuart, and make her queen. Philip's permission was, however, a necessary condition. Santa Cruz was a rough old sailor, turned of seventy, who meant what he said and spoke his mind plainly. Like his countrymen generally, he was tired of seeing his master forever halting on his leaden foot (*pid de plomo*); and on August 9, 1583, while still at the Azores, he wrote to stimulate him to follow up his success by a still more splendid achievement. Philip was now master of the Portuguese empire. He (Santa Cruz) was ready, if allowed, to add England to his dominions. The Low Countries would then surrender, and the Jezebel who had wrought so much evil in the world would meet her deserts.

Now was the time. The troops were ready, the fleet was ready. Philip talked of expense and difficulty. If difficulty was an objection, the bold admiral said that nothing grand could ever be achieved; and for money, great princes could find money if they wished. The king should have faith in God, whose work he would be doing; and if he was himself permitted to try, he promised that he would have as good success as in his other enterprises.*

Charles the Fifth, among his other legacies to his son, had left him instructions to distrust France and to preserve the English alliance. The passionate Catho-

* La Armada Invencible. Por el Capitan de Navio Cesareo Fernández Duro, tomo i., p. 261.

lics assured him that the way to keep England was to restore the faith. But Elizabeth was still sovereign, and Catholic conspiracies so far had only brought their leaders to the scaffold. Mary Stuart was a true believer, but she was herself half a Frenchwoman, and Guise's father had defeated Philip's father at Metz, and Guise and Mary masters of France and England both was a perilous possibility. Philip did not assent; he did not refuse. He thanked Santa Cruz for his zeal, but said that he must still wait a little and watch. His waiting did not serve to clear his way. Elizabeth discovered what had been designed for her, and as a return Sir Francis Drake sacked St. Domingo and Carthagena. More than that, she had sent open help to his insurgent provinces, and had taken charge with the consent of the Hollanders, of Flushing and Brill. Santa Cruz could not but admire the daring of Drake and the genius of the English queen. They were acting while his own master was asleep. He tried again to rouse him. The queen, he said, had made herself a name in the world. She had enriched her own subjects out of Spanish spoil. In a single month they had taken a million and a half of ducats. Defensive war was always a failure. Once more the opportunity was his own. France was paralyzed, and Elizabeth, though strong abroad, was weak at home, through the disaffection of the Catholics. To delay longer would be to see England grow into a power which he would be unable to deal with. Spain would decline, and would lose in mere money more than four times the cost of war.*

This time, Philip listened more seriously. Before, he had been invited to act with the Duke of Guise, and Guise was to have the spoils. Now, at any rate, the operation was to be his own. He bade Santa Cruz send him a plan of operations and a calculation in detail of the ships and stores which would be required. He made him lord high admiral, commissioned him to collect squadrons at Cadiz and Lisbon, take them to sea, and act against the English as he saw occasion. He would probably have been allowed his way to do what he pleased in the following year but for a new complication, which threw Philip again into perplexity. The object of any enterprise led by Santa Cruz would have been the execution of the bull of Pope Pius, the dethronement of Elizabeth, and the transference of the crown to

Mary Stuart, who, if placed on the throne by Spanish arms alone, might be relied on to be true to Spanish interests. Wearing out with Mary's perpetual plots, Elizabeth, when Santa Cruz's preparations were far advanced, sent her to the scaffold, and the blow of the axe which ended her disconcerted every arrangement which had been made. There was no longer a Catholic successor in England to whom the crown could go on Elizabeth's deposition, and it was useless to send an army to conquer the country till some purpose could be formed for disposing of it afterwards. Philip had been called king of England once. He was of the blood of the house of Lancaster. He thought, naturally, that if he was to do the work, the prize ought to be his own. Unfortunately, the rest of the world claimed a voice in the matter. France would certainly be hostile. The English Catholics were divided. The pope himself, when consulted, refused his assent. As Pope Sextus the Fifth, he was bound to desire the reduction of a rebellious island; as an Italian prince, he had no wish to see another wealthy kingdom added to the enormous empire of Spain. Mary Stuart's son was natural heir. He was a Protestant, but gratitude might convert him. At any rate, Philip should not take Elizabeth's place. Sextus was to have given a million crowns to the cost of the armament; he did not directly withdraw his promise, but he haggled with the Spanish ambassador at the Holy See. He affected to doubt the possibility of Philip's success, and even his personal sincerity. He declined to advance a ducat till a Spanish army was actually on English soil. The Duke of Parma, who was to cross from Flanders and conduct the campaign in England itself, was diffident, if not unwilling; and Philip had to feel that even the successful occupation of London might prove the beginning of greater troubles. He had been driven forward himself against his inclination. The chief movers in the enterprise, those who had fed the fire of religious animosity through Europe, and prevented a rational arrangement between the Spanish and English nations, were the Society of Jesus, those members of it especially who had been bred at Oxford in the Anglican Church, and hated it with the frenzy of renegades. From them came the endless conspiracies which Spain was forced to countenance, and the consequent severities of the English government, which they shrieked in Philip's ears; and Philip, half a bigot and half a cautious statesman, wavered be-

* Santa Cruz to Philip the Second, January 13, 1586.

tween two policies till fate decided for him. Both on Philip's part and on Elizabeth's part there was a desire for peace if peace could be had. Philip was weary of the long struggle in the Low Countries, which threatened to be endless if Elizabeth supported it. Elizabeth herself wished to be left in quiet, relieved of the necessity of supporting insurgent Protestants and hanging traitorous priests. An arrangement was possible, based on principles of general toleration.

The pope was right in not wholly trusting Philip. The Spanish king was willing to agree that England should remain Protestant if England wished it, provided the Catholics were allowed the free exercise of their own religion, and provided Elizabeth would call in her privateers, surrender to him the towns which she held in Holland, and abandon her alliance with the Dutch States. Elizabeth was perfectly ready to tolerate Catholic worship if the Catholics would cease their plots against her and Spain would cease to encourage them. It was true that Flushing and Brill had been trusted to her charge by the States, and that if she withdrew her garrison she was bound in honor to replace them in the States' hands. But she regarded the revolt of the Low Countries as only justified by the atrocities of the Blood Council and the Inquisition. If she could secure for the Dutch confederation the same toleration which she was willing herself to concede to the English Catholics, she might feel her honor to be acquitted sufficiently if she gave up to Philip towns which really were his own. Here only, so far as the two sovereigns were concerned, the difficulty lay. Philip held himself bound by duty to allow no liberty of religion among his own subjects. But if peace was made the Spanish garrisons were to be withdrawn from the Low Countries; the executive government would be left in the hands of the States themselves, who could be as tolerant practically as they pleased. On these terms it was certain that a general pacification was possible. The Duke of Parma strongly advised it. Philip himself wished for it. Half Elizabeth's Council recommended it, and she herself wished for it. Unless Catholics and Protestants intended to fight till one or other was exterminated, they must come to some such terms at last; and if at last, why not at once? With this purpose a conference was being held at Ostend between Elizabeth's and Parma's commissioners. The terms were rational. The principal parties, it is now possible

to see — even Philip himself — were sincere about it. How long the terms of such a peace would have lasted, with the theological furnace at such a heat, may be fairly questioned. Bigotry and freedom of thought had two centuries of battle still before them till it could be seen which was to prevail, but an arrangement might then have been come to at Ostend, in the winter of 1587-8, which would have lasted Philip's and Elizabeth's lifetime, could either party have trusted the other. In both countries there was a fighting party and a peace party. In England it was said that the negotiations were a fraud, designed only to induce Elizabeth to relax her preparations for defence. In Spain it was urged that the larger and more menacing the force which could be collected, the more inclined Elizabeth would be to listen to reason; while Elizabeth had to show on her part that frightened she was not, and that if Philip preferred war she had no objection. The bolder her bearing, the more likely she would be to secure fair terms for the Hollanders.

The preparations at Cadiz and Lisbon were no secret. All Europe was talking of the enormous armament which Spain was preparing, and which Santa Cruz was to convoy to the English Channel. Both the Tagus and Cadiz harbor were reported to be crowded with ships, though as yet unprovided with crews for them. With some misgivings, but in one of her bolder moments, the queen in the spring of 1587 allowed Drake to take a flying squadron with him down the Spanish coast. She hung about his neck a second in command to limit his movements; but Drake took his own way, leaving his vice-admiral to go home and complain. He sailed into Cadiz harbor, burnt eighteen galleons which were lying there, and, remaining leisurely till he had finished his work, sailed away to repeat the operation at Lisbon. It might have been done with the same ease. The English squadron lay at the mouth of the river within sight of Santa Cruz, and the great admiral had to sit still and fume, unable to go out and meet him *por falta de gente* — for want of sailors to man his galleons. Drake might have gone in and burnt them all, and would have done it had not Elizabeth felt that he had accomplished enough and that the negotiations would be broken off if he worked more destruction. He had singed the king's beard, as he called it; and the king, though patient of affronts, was moved to a passing emotion. Seamen and soldiers were hurried down to the Tagus.

Orders were sent to the admiral to put to sea at once and chase the English off the shore. But Philip, too, on his side was afraid of Santa Cruz's too great audacity. He, too, did not wish for a collision which might make peace impossible. Another order followed. The fleet was to stay where it was and continue its preparations. It was to wait till the next spring, when the enterprise should be undertaken in earnest if the peace conference at Ostend should fail in finding a conclusion.

Thus the winter drove through. Peace was really impossible, however sincerely the high contracting parties might themselves desire it. Public opinion in Spain would have compelled Philip to leave the conqueror of Terceira in command of the expedition. Santa Cruz would have sailed in March for the English Channel, supported by officers whom he had himself trained; and although the Armada might still have failed, history would have had another tale to tell of its exploits and its fate. But a visible coldness had grown up between the king and the admiral. Philip, like many men of small minds raised into great positions, had supreme confidence in his own powers of management. He chose to regulate everything, to the diet and daily habits of every sailor and soldier on board. He intended to direct and limit the action of the Armada even when out and gone to its work. He had settled perhaps in his own mind that, since he could not himself be king of England, the happiest result for himself would be to leave Elizabeth where she was, reduced to the condition of his vassal, which she would become if she consented to his terms; and the presence of an overpowering fleet in the Channel, a moderate but not too excessive use of force, an avoidance of extreme and violent measures, which would make the strife internecine and make an arrangement impossible, he conceived it likely would bring Elizabeth to her knees. For such a purpose Santa Cruz was not the most promising instrument; he required some one of more malleable material who would obey his own instructions, and would not be led either by his own ambition or the enthusiasm and daring of his officers into desperate adventures. It was probably, therefore, rather to his relief than regret that in February, when the Armada was almost ready to sail, the old admiral died at Lisbon. He was seventy-three years old. He had seen fifty years of service. Spanish tradition, mourning at the fatal consequence, said afterwards that he had

been broken-hearted at the king's hesitation. Anxiety for the honor of his country might have worn out a younger man. He went, and with him went the only chance of a successful issue of the expedition. He was proud of his country, which he saw that Philip was degrading. The invasion of England had been his dream for years, and he had correspondents of his own in England and Ireland. He was the ablest seaman that Spain possessed, and had studied long the problems with which he would have had to deal. Doubtless he had left men behind among those who had served under him who could have taken his place, and have done almost as well. But Philip had determined that, since the experiment was to be made, he would himself control it from his room in the Escorial, and in his choice of Santa Cruz's successor he showed that naval capacity and patriotic enthusiasm were the last qualities for which he was looking.

Don Alonzo de Guzman, Duke of Medina Sidonia, was the richest peer in Spain. He was now thirty-eight years old, and his experience as a public man was limited to his failure to defend Cadiz against Drake. He was a short, broad-shouldered, olive-complexioned man, said to be a good rider; but if his wife was to be believed, he was of all men in Spain the least fitted to be trusted with the conduct of any critical undertaking. The duchess, Doña Afia de Mendoza, was the daughter of Philip's minister, Ruy Gomez, and of the celebrated Princess of Eboli, whom later scandal called Philip's mistress, and whose influence was supposed to have influenced Philip in favor of her son-in-law. Royal scandals are dreary subjects. When they are once uttered the stain is indelible, for every one likes to believe them. The only contemporary witness for the amours of Philip and the Princess of Eboli is Antonio Perez, who, by his own confession, was a scoundrel who deserved the gallows. Something is known at least of the history of the lady. If there was a woman in Spain whom Philip detested, it was the wife of Ruy Gomez. If there was a man whom the princess despised, it was the watery-blooded king. An intrigue between a wild cat of the mountain and a narrow-minded, conscientious sheep-dog would be about as probable as a love-affair between Philip and the Princess of Eboli; and at the time of her son-in-law's appointment she was locked up in a castle in defiant disgrace. The duke had been married to her daughter when he was twenty-two and his bride

was eleven, and Doña Ana, after sixteen years' experience of him, had observed to her friends that he was well enough in his own house among persons who did not know what he was; but that if he was employed on business of State the world would discover to its cost his real character. That such a man should have been chosen to succeed Alonzo de Bazan astonished every one. A commander of gold, it was said, was taking the place of a commander of iron. The choice was known to Santa Cruz while he still breathed, and did not comfort him in his departure.

The most astonished of all, when he learnt the honor which was intended for him, was the duke himself, and he drew a picture of his own incapacity as simple as Sancho's when appointed to govern his island.

"My health is bad," he wrote to Philip's secretary, "and from my small experience of the water I know that I am always seasick. I have no money which I can spare. I owe a million ducats, and I have not a real to spend on my outfit. The expedition is on such a scale and the object is of such high importance that the person at the head of it ought to understand navigation and sea-fighting, and I know nothing of either. I have not one of those essential qualifications. I have no acquaintances among the officers who are to serve under me. Santa Cruz had information about the state of things in England; I have none. Were I competent otherwise, I should have to act in the dark by the opinion of others, and I cannot tell to whom I may trust. The Adelantado of Castile would do better than I. Our Lord would help him, for he is a good Christian and has fought in naval battles. If you send me, depend upon it I shall have a bad account to render of my trust."*

The duchess perhaps guided her husband's hand when he wrote so faithful an account of himself. But his vanity was flattered. Philip persisted that he must go. He and only he would answer the purpose in view, so he allowed himself to be persuaded.

"Since your Majesty still desires it, after my confession of incompetence," he wrote to Philip, "I will try to deserve your confidence. As I shall be doing God's work, I may hope that he will help me."

Philip gratefully replied: "You are sacrificing yourself for God's service and

mine. I am so anxious, that if I was less occupied at home I would accompany the fleet myself and I should be certain that all would go well. Take heart; you have now an opportunity of showing the extraordinary qualities which God, the author of all good, has been pleased to bestow upon you. Happen what may, I charge myself with the care of your children. If you fail, you fail; but the cause being the cause of God, you will not fail."

Thus the duke was to command the Armada and to sail at the earliest possible moment, for the commissioners were sitting at Ostend, and his presence in the Channel was of pressing consequence. Santa Cruz besides had fixed on the end of March as the latest date for the departure, on account of the north winds which later in the season blow down the coast of Portugal. The duke at the time of his nomination was at his house at San Lucar. He was directed to repair at once to Lisbon, where his commission would reach him. An experienced but cautious admiral, Don Diego Flores de Valdez, was assigned to him as nautical adviser, and Philip proceeded to inflict upon him a series of instructions and advice as wise and foolish as those with which Don Quixote furnished his squire. Every day brought fresh letters as suggestions rose in what Philip called his mind. Nothing was too trifling for his notice, nothing was to be left to the duke's discretion which could possibly be provided for. In a secret despatch to the Duke of Parma, the king revealed alike his expectations and his wishes. He trusted that the appearance of the Armada and some moderate victory over the English fleet would force Elizabeth to an agreement. If the Catholic religion could be tolerated in England, and if Flushing and Brill were given up to him, he said that he was prepared to be satisfied. To Medina Sidonia he reported as his latest advice from England that the queen was inclining to the treaty, but was dissuaded by Leicester and Walsingham, and he gave him a list of the English force which he might expect to meet, which was tolerably accurate and far inferior to his own.

So far he wrote like a responsible and sensible prince, but the smallest thing and the largest seemed to occupy him equally. He directed the duke to provide himself with competent Channel pilots, as if this was a point which might be overlooked. He laid down regulations for the health of the crews, the allowances of biscuit and wine, salt fish and bacon. Beyond all, the

* Medina Sidonia to Secretary Idriaguez, Feb. 16, 1588. Duro, vol. I., p. 414.

duke was to attend to their morals. They were in the service of the Lord, and the Lord must not be offended by the faults of his instruments. The clergy throughout Spain were praying for them and would continue to pray, but soldiers and sailors must do their part and live like Christians. They must not swear; they must not gamble, which led to swearing. If they used low language God would be displeased. Every man before he embarked must confess and commend himself to the Lord. Especially and pre-eminently, loose women must be kept away, and if any member of the expedition fell into the *pecado nefando* he must be chastised to the example of the rest. Returning to secular subjects, he had heard, the king said, that the gentleman adventurers wanted staterooms and private berths. It would encumber the ships, and the duke was cautioned not to allow it. As the duke knew nothing of navigation, here, too, the king held himself competent to instruct. He was to make straight for the English Channel, advance to the North Foreland, and put himself in communication with Parma. If foul weather came and the ships were scattered, they were to collect again, first at Finisterre, and then at the Scilly Isles. In the Channel he must keep on the English side, because the water was deeper there. Elizabeth's fleet, Philip understood, was divided, part being under Drake at Plymouth, and part in the Straits of Dover. If the duke fell in with Drake he was to take no notice of him unless he was attacked, and was to keep on his course. If he found the two squadrons united, he would still be in superior force and might join battle, being careful to keep to windward.

There were limits even to Philip's confidence in his ability to guide. He admitted that he could not direct the duke specifically how to form the ships for an engagement. Time and opportunity would have to determine. "Only," he said, "omit no advantage, and so handle the fleet that one part shall support another. The enemy will try to fight at a distance with his guns. You will endeavor to close. You will observe that their practice is to shoot low into the hulls rather than into the rigging. You will find how to deal with this. Keep your vessels together, allow none to stray or go in advance. Do not let them hurry in pursuit of prizes after a victory. This fault has often caused disaster both on sea and land. Conquer first, and then you will have spoil enough. The council of war will order

the distribution of it. What I am now saying implies that a battle will have to be fought; but if the enemy can be got rid of without an action, so much the better. The effect will be produced without loss to yourself. Should the prince be able to cross, you will remain with the Armada at the mouth of the Thames, lending such assistance as you can. Consult with the prince, and land none of your forces without his approval. Remember that your only business is to fight at sea. Differences between leaders are injurious, and always to be avoided. I am confident that you will co-operate cordially with the prince as my service demands; but I must charge you to follow these injunctions of mine strictly according to the exact words. I have similarly directed the prince on his own conduct, and if you two acting together can succeed in your undertaking, there will be honor to spare for both of you. You will remain at the Thames' mouth till the work is done. You may then, if the prince approves, take in hand Ireland, in which case you will leave your Spanish troops with him and exchange them for Germans and Italians. You will be careful in what you spend. You know how costly the Armada has been to me. You will also see that I am not cheated in the muster rolls, and that the provisions are sound and sufficient. You will watch the conduct of the officers and keep them attentive to their duties.

"This is all which occurs to me at present. I must leave the rest to your own care and prudence, and for any further advances which I may have to send you."*

Much of all this was no doubt reasonable and true. But generals chosen to conduct great enterprises do not require to be taught the elements of their duties. That Philip thought it necessary to write all these details was characteristic both of himself and of the duke. The special commission was to cover the crossing of the Duke of Parma by defeating or dispersing the English fleet; but it was possible that the English fleet might not be so easily got rid of, and that Parma could not cross, in which case, by a second secret instruction, the duke was told that he might take possession of the Isle of Wight and fortify it. But this was only an alternative in case of failure at the North Foreland, and in no case was to be attempted on his first advance. It was to be hoped that God would make the cause

* Philip the Second to the Duke of Medina Sidonia April 1. Duro, vol. ii, pp. 5-13.

his own, however, and that there would be no need of any secondary expedients. If the negotiations failed at Ostend, and if Parma succeeded in effecting a landing, he was to advance to London and take possession of the government, Cardinal Allen inviting the English nobility to join in restoring the Church. But to Parma himself were given instructions, also secret, of a more temperate kind, which the duke was to deliver to him. If the Armada won a battle, or if the enemy feared to encounter it, he was to pass over with his army in the name of God and carry out the purpose agreed upon. Should the success, however, be less complete, and should he think peace desirable, he would use the presence of the fleet to enforce favorable conditions. It was indispensable that the Catholics should be allowed their services and the ports in Holland be restored. He might demand compensation for past injuries, but this might be sacrificed if he could obtain religious liberty for the English Catholics. He might argue that the Huguenots were tolerated in France, and if it was answered that they were not tolerated in Flanders, he might say that the case was different. He might demand hostages also, and retain certain fortified positions on the coast to be held for a number of years, till it could be seen how things would go. In that case the Isle of Wight might be useful, as the Armada could lie in the Solent.

Disaster it is evident that Philip did not anticipate. Something less than complete success he probably did anticipate, and on the whole might prefer it. Satisfied with having provided for all contingencies, he was now only anxious to see the Armada on its way; while the nuns and hermits had removed the alarms of Medina Sidonia, had convinced him that God could not neglect a business in which he was so peculiarly concerned, and that, in the fine language of theological knight-errantry, the service which he was to execute had been specially reserved by Providence for the king to achieve.*

Such thoughts and such experiences were doubtless indications of a high-wrought frame of mind; but men may dwell too exclusively on the conviction that God is on their side, and perhaps forget that God will not be found there if they neglect to do their own parts. While

the priests were praying and the king and the duke were calculating on the divine assistance, they were omitting, all of them, the most obvious precautions by which moderate success could be looked for. Santa Cruz had reported that the fleet was almost ready to sail. The stores of provisions had been laid in while he was still alive, and the water-casks had been filled. But after his death there was no responsible person left in Lisbon who had exerted himself to see to anything. Great naval expeditions were nothing new in Spain. The West Indies and Mexico and Peru had not been conquered by men in their sleep; and what ships and ships' crews required for dangerous voyages was as well understood at Lisbon and Cadiz as in any harbor in the world. But the Armada was surrounded by a halo of devout imagination which seemed to paralyze all ordinary sense. It was to have sailed in March, but, even to the inexperienced eye of Medina Sidonia when he arrived at his command, the inadequacy of the preparations was too obvious. The casks of salt meat were found to be putrefying; the water in the tanks had not been renewed, and had stood for weeks, growing foul and poisonous under the hot Lisbon sun. Spare rope, spare spars, spare anchors—all were deficient. The powder-supply was short. The balls were short. The contractors had cheated as audaciously as if they had been mere heretics, and the soldiers and mariners so little liked the look of things that they were deserting in hundreds, while the muster-masters drew pay for the full numbers and kept it. Instead of sailing in March, as he had been ordered, the duke was obliged to send to Madrid a long list of indispensable necessities, without which he could not sail at all. Nothing had been attended to save the state of the men's souls, about which the king had been so peculiarly anxious. They had been sent to confession, had received each his ticket certifying that he had been absolved and had duly commended himself to the Lord. The loose women had been sent away, the cards and dice prohibited, the moral instructions punctually complied with. All the rest had been left to chance and villainy. The short powder-supply was irremediable. The duke purchased a few casks from merchant ships, but no more was to be had. For the rest, the king wrote letters, and the duke, according to his own account, worked like a slave, and the worst defects were concealed if not supplied. Not, however, till the end of April were

* Y que lo tiene guardado á V. Md. para que por su mano y con su gran zelo y christiandad, se reduzca aquel Regno al gremio y obediencia de su Iglesia. (Medina Sidonia to Philip, April 11.)

the conditions advanced sufficiently for the presentation of the standard, and even then the squadron from Andalusia had not arrived.

All was finished at last, or at any rate seemed so. The six squadrons were assembled under their respective commanders. Men and officers were on board, and sailing orders, addressed to every member of the expedition, were sent round, in the duke's name, to the several ships, which, remembering the fate to which all these men were being consigned by their crusading enthusiasm, we cannot read without emotion.

"From highest to lowest you are to understand the object of our expedition, which is to recover countries to the Church now oppressed by the enemies of the true faith. I therefore beseech you to remember your calling, so that God may be with us in what we do. I charge you, one and all, to abstain from profane oaths dishonouring to the names of our Lord, our Lady, and the Saints. All personal quarrels are to be suspended while the expedition lasts, and for a month after it is completed. Neglect of this will be held as treason. Each morning at sunrise the ship boys, according to custom, shall sing 'Good Morrow' at the foot of the mainmast,* and at sunset the 'Ave Maria.' Since bad weather may interrupt the communications, the watchword is laid down for each day in the week: Sunday, Jesus; the days succeeding, the Holy Ghost, the Holy Trinity, Santiago, the Angels, All Saints, and our Lady. At sea, every evening, each ship shall pass with a salute under the lee of the commander-in-chief, and shall follow at night the light which he will carry in his stern."

So, as it were, singing their own dirge, the doomed Armada went upon its way, to encounter the arms and the genius of the new era, unequally matched with unbelievers. On May 14 it dropped down the river to Belem, and lay there waiting for a wind. A brief account may here be given of its composition and its chief leaders. The fleet consisted of a hundred and thirty ships. Seven of them were over a thousand tons and sixty-seven over five hundred. They carried two thousand five hundred guns, chiefly small, however—four, six, and nine-pounders. Spanish seamen understood little of gunnery. Their art in their sea-battles was to close and grapple and trust to their strength and

courage in hand-to-hand fighting. Large for the time as the galleons were, they were still overcrowded. Soldiers, sailors, officers, volunteers, priests, surgeons, galley slaves, amounted, according to the returns, to nearly thirty thousand men. The soldiers were the finest in Europe; the seamen old trained hands, who had learned their trade under Santa Cruz. They were divided into six squadrons, each with its vice-admiral and capitana, or flagship. The duke carried his standard in the San Martin, of the squadron of Portugal, the finest vessel in the service, and, as the Spaniards thought, in the world. The other five, of Biscay, Castile, Andalusia, Guypuscoa, and the Levant, were led by distinguished officers. There was but one commander in the fleet entirely ignorant of his duties, though he, unfortunately, was commander-in-chief.

As the names of these officers recur frequently in the account of what followed, a brief description may be given of each.

The vice-admiral of the Biscay squadron was Juan Martinez de Recalde, a native of Bilbao, an old, battered sea-warrior, who had fought and served in all parts of the ocean. He knew Ireland; he knew the Channel; he had been in the great battle at Terceira, and in the opinion of the service was second only to Santa Cruz. His flagship was the Santa Ana, a galleon of eight hundred tons; he sailed himself in the Gran Grin, of eleven hundred; so far fortunate, if any one in the expedition could be called fortunate, for the Santa Ana was disabled in a storm at the mouth of the Channel.

The leaders of the squadrons of Castile and Andalusia were two cousins, Don Pedro and Don Diego de Valdez. Don Diego, whom Philip had chosen for the duke's mentor, was famous as a naval architect; had been on exploring expeditions, and had made a certain reputation for himself. He was a jealous, suspicious, cautious kind of man, and Philip had a high opinion of him. Don Pedro was another of the heroes of Terceira, a rough, bold seaman, scarred in a hundred actions with English corsairs, and between the two kinsmen there was neither resemblance nor affection. Don Pedro's misfortune in the Channel, which will soon be heard of, brought him more honor than Don Diego earned by his timidity. He lived long after, and was for eight years governor of Cuba, where the Castle of the Moro at Havannah still stands as his monument. Two other officers deserve peculiar mention: Miguel de Oquendo, who sailed in

* Los pajes segun es costumbre davan los buenos dias al pie del mástil mayor.

the Señora de la Rosa, of Guypuscoa, and Alonzo de Leyva, who had a ship of his own, the Rata Coronada. Oquendo's career had been singularly distinguished. He had been the terror of the Turks in the Mediterranean. At Terceira, at a critical point in the action, he had rescued Santa Cruz when four French vessels were alongside of him. He had himself captured the French admiral's flagship, carrying her by boarding, and sending his own flag to her masthead above the smoke of the battle. He was an excellent seaman besides, and managed his ship, as was said, as easily as a horse. Alonzo de Leyva held no special command beyond his own vessel; but he had been named by Philip to succeed Medina Sidonia in case of misadventure. With him, and under his special charge, were most of the high-born adventurous youths who had volunteered for the crusade. Neither he nor they were ever to see Spain again, but Spanish history ought not to forget him, and ought not to forget Oquendo.

Of priests and friars there were a hundred and eighty; of surgeons, doctors, and their assistants, in the entire fleet, not more than eighty-five. The numbers might have been reversed with advantage. Among the adventurers one only may be noted particularly, the poet Lope de Vega, then smarting from disappointment in a love-affair, and seeking new excitement.

Meanwhile, the winds were unpropitious. For fourteen days the fleet lay at anchor at the mouth of the river unable to get away. They weighed at last on May 28, and stood out to sea; but a northerly breeze drove them to leeward, and they could make no progress, while almost instantly on their sailing the state of the stores was brought to light. The water had been on board for four months; the casks were leaking, and what was left of it was unfit to drink. The provisions, salt meat, cheese, biscuit, was found to be half putrid, and a remarkable order was issued to serve out first what was in worst condition, that the supplies might hold out the longer. As the ships were to keep together, the course and speed were necessarily governed by those which sailed the worst. The galleons, high built, and with shallow draught of water, moved tolerably before the wind, but were powerless to work against it. The north wind freshened. They were carried down as low as Cape St. Vincent, standing out and in, and losing ground on each tack. After fourteen days they were only in the latitude of Lisbon again. Tenders were sent in every

day to Philip, with an account of their progress. Instead of being in the mouth of the Channel, the duke had to report that he could make no way at all, and, far worse than that, the entire ships' companies were on the way to being poisoned. Each provision cask which was opened was found worse than the last. The biscuit was mouldy, the meat and fish stinking, the water foul and breeding dysentery; the crews and companies were loud in complaint; the officers had lost heart, and the duke, who at starting had been drawing pictures in his imagination of glorious victories, had already begun to lament his weakness in having accepted the command. He trusted God would help him, he said. He wished no harm to any one. He had left his quiet, and his home, and his children, out of pure love to his Majesty, and he hoped his Majesty would remember it.* The state of the stores was so desperate, especially of the water, that it was held unsafe to proceed. The pilots said that they must put into some port for a fresh supply. The duke feared that if he consented the men, in their present humor, would take the opportunity and desert.

At length, on June 10, after three weeks of ineffectual beating up and down, the wind shifted to the south-west, and the fleet could be laid upon its course. The anxiety was not much diminished. The salt meat, salt fish, and cheese were found so foul throughout that they were thrown overboard for fear of pestilence, and the rations were reduced to biscuit and weevils. A despatch was hurried off to Philip that fresh stores must instantly be sent out, or there would be serious disaster. The water was the worst of all, as when drunk it produced instant dysentery. On June 13 matters mended a little. The weather had cooled. The south-west wind had brought rain. The ships could be aired and purified. They were then off Finisterre, and were on a straight course for the Channel. Philip's orders had been so positive that they were not to delay anywhere, that they were to hurry on and must not separate. They had five hundred men, however, down with dysentery, and the number of sick was increasing with appalling rapidity. A council was held on board the San Martin, and the admirals all agreed that go on they could not. Part of the fleet, at least, must make into Ferrol, land the sick, and bring off supplies. The duke could not come to a

* Medina Sidonia to Philip the Second, May 30.

resolution, but the winds and waves settled his uncertainties. On the 19th it came on to blow. The duke, with the Portugal squadron, the galleys, and the larger galleons made in at once for Corunna, leaving the rest to follow, and was under shelter before the worst of the gale. The rest were caught outside and scattered. They came in as they could, most of them in the next few days, some dismasted, some leaking with strained timbers, the crews exhausted with illness; but at the end of a week a third part of the Armada was still missing, and those which had reached the harbor were scarcely able to man their yards. A hospital had to be established on shore. The tendency to desert had become so general that the landing-places were occupied with bodies of soldiers. A despatch went off to the Escurial, with a despairing letter from the duke to the king.

"The weather," he said, "though in June, is as wild as in December. No one remembers such a season. It is the more strange since we are on the business of the Lord, and some reason there must be for what has befallen us. I told your Majesty that I was unfit for this command when you asked me to undertake it. I obeyed your orders, and now I am here in Corunna with the ships dispersed and the force remaining to me inferior to the enemy. The crews are sick, and grow daily worse from bad food and water. Most of our provisions have perished, and we have not enough for more than two months' consumption. Much depends on the safety of this fleet. You have exhausted your resources to collect it, and if it is lost you may lose Portugal and the Indies. The men are out of spirit. The officers do not understand their business. We are no longer strong. Do not deceive yourself into thinking that we are equal to the work before us. You remember how much it cost you to conquer Portugal, a country adjoining Castile, where half the inhabitants were in your favor. We are now going against a powerful kingdom with only the weak force of the Prince of Parma and myself. I speak freely, but I have laid the matter before the Lord; you must decide yourself what is to be done. Recollect only how many there are who envy your greatness and bear you no good-will."*

On the 27th thirty-five ships were still absent, and nothing had been heard of

them. The storm, after all, had not been especially severe, and it was not likely that they were lost. The condition to which the rest were reduced was due merely to rascally contractors and official negligence, and all could easily be repaired by an efficient commander in whom the men had confidence. But the duke had no confidence in himself nor the officers in him. Four weeks only had passed since he had left Lisbon and he was already despondent, and his disquieted subordinates along with him. He had written freely to Philip, and advised that the expedition should be abandoned. He again summoned the vice-admirals to his cabin and required their opinions. Should they or should they not go forward with their reduced force? The inspector-general, Don George Manrique, produced a schedule of numbers. They were supposed, he said, to have twenty-eight thousand men besides the galley-slaves. Owing to sickness and other causes, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three thousand could be regarded as effective, and of these six thousand were in the missing galleons. The vice-admirals were less easily frightened than their leader. None were for giving up. Most of them advised that they should wait where they were till the ships came in, repairing damages and taking in fresh stores. Pedro de Valdez insisted that they should go on as they were; while they remained in harbor fresh meat and vegetables might be served out, and the crews would soon recover from a sickness which was caused only by bad food. With vigor and energy all that was wrong could be set right. The missing ships were doubtless ahead expecting them, and would be fallen in with somewhere.

Don Pedro was addressing brave men, and carried the council along with him. He wrote himself to Philip to tell him what had passed. "The duke," he said, "bore him no good-will for his advice, but he intended to persist in a course which he believed to be for his Majesty's honor."

A day or two later the wanderers came back and restored the duke's courage. Some had been as far as Scilly, some even in Mount's Bay, but none had been lost and none had been seriously injured. The fresh meat was supplied as Don Pedro advised. The sick recovered; not one died, and all were soon in health again. Fresh supplies were poured down out of the country. The casks were refilled with pure water. In short, the sun began to shine again, and the despondency fit passed away. Philip wrote kindly and

* Medina Sidonia to Philip the Second from Corunna, June 24.

cheerily. Everything would be furnished which they could want. The duke might spend money freely and need spare nothing to feed the men as they ought to be fed. If they had met with difficulties in the beginning, they would have greater glory in the end. There were difficulties in every enterprise. They must overcome them and go on. The duke still hesitated. He said truly enough that other things were wanting besides food: powder, cordage, and the thousand minor stores which ought to have been provided and were not. But all the rest were now in heart again, and he found himself alone; Recalde only, like a wise man, begging Philip to modify his instructions and allow him to secure Plymouth or Dartmouth on their advance, as, although they might gain a victory, it was unlikely to be so complete as to end the struggle, and they might require a harbor to shelter the fleet.

Philip, unfortunately for himself, paid no attention to Recalde's suggestion, but only urged them to begone at their best speed. The ships were laid on shore to be scraped and tallowed. The gaps in the crews were filled up with fresh recruits. Another ship was added, and at the final muster there were a hundred and thirty-one vessels, between seven and eight thousand sailors and seventeen thousand infantry, two thousand slaves, and fourteen hundred officers, priests, gentlemen, and servants. With restored health and good-humor they were again commended to the Lord. Tents were set up on an island in the harbor, with an altar in each and friars in sufficient number to officiate. The ships' companies were landed and brought up man by man till the whole of them had again confessed and again received the sacrament.

"This," said the duke, "is great riches, and the most precious jewel which I carry with me. They are now all well, and content, and cheerful." J. A. FROUDE.

From The Fortnightly Review.

AN OLD GREEK EXPLORER OF BRITAIN AND THE TEUTONIC NORTH.

How many are there who have heard of Pytheas, the Humboldt of Antiquity, as he has been rightly called? Yet it was this great mathematician and astronomer who, shortly after the death of Alexander the Great, made a famous journey of exploration, starting by ship from Massilia (Marseilles) to Britain; thence to Ger-

many as far as the eastern coasts of the Baltic; then up to the Scandinavian north and to Shetland and the Orkneys; and back again to the mouth of the Garonne, whence he returned to Marseilles—at that time a Greek colony—by land.

Fortunately, in our days, there is an increasing impulse towards a revival of things too long forgotten. Even the ashes of the prehistoric epoch become alive, as it were, under careful research. Nor is science alone busy with this revival. Poets, too, are beginning to lay hold of long-neglected but highly interesting subjects. The oldest history of Germany, as well as that ancient Wodanic creed which once was common to the whole Teutonic race and with the weird power of which Southey was so much struck, has for some years past been the fruitful theme both of learned inquiry and of numerous attractive poetic creations by Professor Felix Dahn. His novels are set up on the lines laid down by that matchless master, Walter Scott. Quite recently an attempt—of a minor kind, it is true—has been made by Wilhelm Behrends in a similar direction with a novel entitled: "Pytheas of Massilia and his Sea Voyage to the Amber Country." Addressing himself to youthful readers, the author seeks to interest them, by a mixture of fact and fiction, in this oldest and but dimly discernible chapter of their national history.

But Germany is not alone concerned in the voyage of Pytheas. England has a large share in it at a time when she was not "England" yet, but "Britain," and when the classic world of Greece and Rome had only the shadowiest idea of her configuration, her inhabitants, and even her exact whereabouts.

It is Brehmer, in his "Entdeckungen im Alterthum," who confers upon Pytheas the title of "the Humboldt of Antiquity." Of him he says: "Pytheas was a man that stood high above his contemporaries, and to whom astronomy seems to be not less indebted than the science of geography." Mr. Charles Elton, in his valuable work, "Origins of English History," quoting Brehmer's remarks in full, proceeds to explain with great lucidity the results of the exploration of the Greek traveller, so far as they can be recovered from the writings of a number of ancient authors. For—this is a loss which only those can fully understand who have carefully compared the passages in question—the book of Pytheas himself is no longer in existence. We only know him through scattered extracts; partly in a

very obscure form. Invidious animosity and calumny have not been spared to him, so that his memory has come down to us, in spite of his indubitable merits, either in a dark and indistinct outline, or disgracefully traduced.

Nevertheless it is through him that the Briton — until then "divided from the whole world," as the classic saying went even centuries afterwards — became known for the first time to the civilized nations on the Mediterranean shores. Through Pytheas, also, we hear for the first time of German tribes, such as the Kimbrians, the Teutons, and the Goths, along the North Sea and the Baltic. Through him, curious details are learnt of that amber trade in which the Phœnikians were engaged, and which was already carried on in prehistoric days across the Continent, on a "sacred road" from the North to the Adriatic Sea.

If a tale of olden times may be believed, there were statues, made of tin and amber, on an island near the entrance or outlet of the sacred road — probably in the neighborhood of Venice and Trieste. It was said that all the barbarian nations held that trade route in deep respect. The erection of statues looks like an intended reminder to coming generations, in case the source of the supply should be forgotten. Thus Columbus found, on one of the Canary Islands, a statue significantly pointing with the finger towards the West.

In the Homeric and the pre-Homeric age, amber was most highly valued for purposes of ornament. In the graves of Mykené, Dr. Schliemann, the great and indefatigable explorer, discovered a mass of amber beads. They date back, in all probability, to the time of the Trojan war. Chemical investigation by an expert, Dr. Otto Helm, of Danzig, has proved them to be of that particular kind of amber which comes from the Baltic. I have shown elsewhere that the tale of the Heliades, or Sun-Daughters, in the Greek story of Phaëthon — who so long indulged in lament at the death of their brother that at last they were changed into trees, when the tears running from their tree-forms were hardened in the water into elektron or amber — is, to all evidence, of northern origin, and was only adopted into Hellenic mythology. From the point of view of natural science, it need scarcely be said, we have in this myth a very ancient and perfectly correct rendering of the production of amber from the resin of trees. Nature myths, generally, con-

tain a good deal of early scientific speculation.

If the interpretation of a cuneiform inscription by Professor Julius Oppert — to whom I owe a communication on the subject — is correct, even the middlemen of the Assyrians had already, in grey antiquity, "fished up from the sea, where the North star stands, that which looks like copper;" that is, no doubt, amber. There is a controversy among Assyrian scholars, I know, on this particular passage; but the opinion of so distinguished a scholar as Oppert certainly merits the fullest attention.

It has been asserted that "a committee of merchants at Marseilles" — to quote Mr. Elton — "engaged the services of Pytheas, an eminent mathematician of that city, who was already famous for his measurement of the declination of the ecliptic, and for the calculation of the latitude of Marseilles, by the method which he had recently invented of comparing the height of a gnomon or pillar with the length of the solstitial shadow. What kind of gnomon he used is uncertain." Perhaps the supposition may be justified that the desire of getting at the sources of the Phœnikian tin, amber, and lead trade was at the bottom of the proposed expedition of Pytheas to the North. So far as I am aware, there is, however, no evidence to that effect in the ancient writings on which we have to rely. But how jealously the Phœnikians sought to conceal their trade connections and their navigation routes from the rest of the world, appears from the statement of Strabon (iii., c. v., § 11). Speaking of the commerce with the Kassiterides Islands — which, according to recent research, must be sought for, not in Britain, though tin also came from there, but on the northern coast of Spain — the Greek geographer says: —

Formerly the Phœnikians alone carried on this traffic in tin and lead from Gades (Cadiz), concealing the route from everybody else. And when on one occasion the Romans followed a certain Phœnikian shipmaster, with the intention of discovering his market, he, out of jealousy, purposely ran his vessel upon a shoal, thus leading those who followed him into the same disaster. He saved himself by means of a piece of wreck, and received from the State an indemnity for the cargo he had lost. However, the Romans, by repeated efforts, at last found out the passage.

As to Pytheas, it was probably about the year 320 before our era that he sailed along the Spanish and Gallic coasts to

Britain, going through the Channel as far as Kent. It is alleged that he declared he had travelled over Britain on foot. So, at least, Strabon reports, who has a great deal to say, out of manifest prejudice, against his predecessor in geographical lore, and who is, therefore, not a safe guide on this particular point, in spite of the great value of his work in other respects.

Still, whether Pytheas did, or did not, travel on foot over Britain, this much is beyond doubt, that, in olden times, travelling explorers were generally able to get on much better with foreign or semi-barbarous races than is often the case in our days. Otherwise Herodotos could not have obtained so much useful knowledge, which he records in such calm and impartial language. Nor could the famous Phœnikian circumnavigation of Africa, which the Egyptian king Neko organized, have been effected. The expedition lasted two years. The Phœnikians started from the Red Sea, going ashore now and then in order to sow the land and to wait for the harvest. Having reaped the corn, they went to sea again (Herodotos, iv., 42). In the third year, doubling the Pillars of Hercules (the Straits of Gibraltar), they returned to Egypt, "reporting," says Herodotos, "what does not seem credible to me, but may to others — namely, that as they sailed round Libya (Africa), they had the sun on their right hand." This is now credible enough.

The passage which Vasco de Gama, starting from the West, found, at the end of the fifteenth century, had thus become known to the Phœnikians more than twenty-four hundred years ago through an expedition made from the East. Some time afterwards a mere accident prevented the Carthaginian, Himilko, who had sailed far west into the Atlantic Ocean, from reaching America.

Those acquainted with the history of lost discoveries, and of rediscoveries, will not feel any surprise at the ancient circumnavigation of Africa. Was not America discovered and partly colonized, five hundred years before Columbus, by Germanic Northmen — that is, by Icelanders, among whom there was apparently also a German, of the name of Tyrker or Tysker? And can there be a reasonable doubt that Columbus, during one of his voyages to Iceland, received from the sagas of the inhabitants, an inkling of the far-distant continent beyond the sea? Thorwaldsen, the famous Danish sculptor, professed to be able to trace his pedigree to one of the

Icelanders who had returned from America long before Columbus rediscovered it. What real basis that assertion had I do not know. But it is a fact that pedigrees were carefully kept by the inhabitants of the northern Island of Ice and Fire; and Thorwaldsen's claim may, therefore, have been well justified. Certain it is that even in classic antiquity there were tales about a vast western continent or Atlantis. Keltic traditions make it probable that the western continent had already been visited from this country in ages long gone by, even as Peru had unquestionably received an Asiatic immigration in prehistoric times. The caste system once prevailing in Peru seems to have been one of the results of that early colonization.

But let us return to Pytheas. From the Thames he travelled to the Rhine. Going through the German Ocean round Jutland into the Baltic, he came to a river called Tanais, which may have been either the Vistula or the Dvina. He thus visited the shores of two seas where the amber trade was largely carried on. In mentioning the Baltic, classic writers speak of an island called Raunonia or Ravnonia, where amber was said to be cast up by the spring tides. To this day, amber, in Norse language, is called *rau*. "Ravnonia" would thus mean the Amber Island. The same Germanic sounds which we hear even now had reached the ear of the Hellenic Humboldt.

Sailing out of the Baltic, he went up the Norwegian coast to the Arctic Circle, where he met with masses of ice in a sea that appeared to him monstrous and supernatural; this we can easily understand in an inhabitant of the Mediterranean shore. Pytheas then crossed over to Shetland and the Orkneys and some think he may have touched Iceland. It is difficult to say whether he returned by way of the German Ocean or along the western coast of Britain; but the former route seems the more likely. So he came once more along the north-western coast of Gaul — that is, the Brittany of to-day — to the mouth of the Garonne, where he took a land route to Marseilles.

This daring Greek scientist and traveller knew that Britain was of a three-cornered shape, like the head of a battleaxe; that it was a land of little sunshine and much rain; and that plenty of wheat grew in its southern parts, which was threshed out in covered barns — to him, the son of a warm climate, an unusual sight. He found that the inhabitants had a drink made by mixing wheat and honey — in

other words, the beverage still used here and there under the name of "metheglin." It is true, doubt has been expressed, in a remarkable paper by Professor W. Ridgeway, recently published in *Folk-Lore*, as to whether the passage in question, which occurs in Strabon (iv. 5, 5), really refers to Britain. But seeing that if Britain were not meant, Thule (that is, probably, Iceland) would have to be substituted for it, it is clear that in this case, as in others concerning Pytheas, the apparent obscurity is merely one of Strabon's making, and that the descriptions just mentioned really refer to Britain.

There are other passages in classic authors, less clearly traceable to Pytheas, though possibly founded on his lost reports. What a gain it would be to our ideas concerning prehistoric Britain if the book, or it may be the two books, of Pytheas were some day recovered, which he is believed to have written under the title of "The Circuit of the Earth" and "Commentaries on the Ocean." It is, unfortunately, not very likely that these works will ever come to light, although similar recoveries have now and then been made most unexpectedly—as, in the case of the "Annals" of Tacitus, which were found in a cloister in Germany in the sixteenth century.

It is presumably through Pytheas that the earliest mention of a country called "Germara" was made; a name to be found in ancient but greatly disfigured documents. Evidently, Germany was meant. A blue-eyed people was said to dwell there, of whom odd stories were told, which may at first have arisen from the misunderstanding of words, and may have been added to by busy concocters of fanciful tales. Between the Rhine and the Elbe, Pytheas found a tribe called Ostions—to all appearance Ost or Eastmen. Many centuries afterwards, the Hansa merchants were in England called East-erlings. It may be remembered that Norwegians, Danes, and Frisians, who penetrated into Ireland and held sway there between the ninth and the twelfth century were also called Eastmen. Besides Ostions, Pytheas, according to the fragmentary evidence which has come down to us, knew of Kimbrians and Teutons on the German coasts; also of Gutthons, or Goths, in the Baltic districts. The Kimbrian peninsula (Schleswig-Holstein and Jutland) he described as stretching high up at the entrance of an immense bay. It is quite correct. This "bay" represents the Baltic.

Rome, in the years 113-101 before our era, was alarmed by the "Kimbrian terror," when that martial northern race, together with the Teutons, invaded the South. Their arrival startled the classic world like a colossal ghostly apparition. Yet Pytheas had made, hundreds of years before, his voyage along the coasts of Germany, and up to the Land of the Midnight Sun, with the aid of Kimbrian guides. Not a few Germanic tribal and place names became first known through him.

In Wilhelm Bessell's treatise (*Ueber Pytheas von Massilien*) there are strong arguments, showing that the Greek explorer must have seen that curious formation of the German Baltic coast, which goes under the name of "Nehrungen"—small, sandy strips of land which separate the sweet-water "Haffs" from the sea. In Bessell's opinion, names like "Nerigon" and "Bergae," which appear to have been first reported by Pytheas, are not identical with Norway ("Norge," in Scandinavian speech) and Bergen, but must be sought for in the Shetland group of isles. This, however, is not the general view of learned inquirers. For my part I hold Norway and Bergen to be unquestionably indicated by Nerigon and Bergae.

Some apparent or manifest contradictions in the statements attributed to Pytheas can be explained by the confused, piecemeal, and partly corrupt condition in which his descriptions have been handed down to posterity. I have often gone carefully over all the passages which clearly or probably refer to his discoveries; and I may say that I know nothing in the domain of archaeological research more fascinating, and at the same time more harrowing to the student of antiquity, than the frequent flashes of light thus thrown upon British and German prehistoric times—flashes of light as suddenly followed by utter darkness and tantalizing doubt. Sometimes, however, the seeming obscurity has been cleared up by an ingenious, yet very simple, interpretation of a sentence which had long baffled the most learned.

Thus there is a passage, according to which Pytheas is supposed to have spoken of a large island of Thule, where there was much cultivation of fruit. (*Sed Thule larga et diutina pomona copiosa est.*) This certainly does not fit in with the nature of Shetland and the Orkneys, much less of Iceland. But the queer and curiously encumbered Latin of the sentence is in itself evidence of a corruption of the original text. Now, as Bessell justly re-

marks, one of the Orkneys, and the very largest of them, is to the present day called Pomona, a name which has certainly nothing to do with Latin. Bessell might have strengthened his surmise by an additional argument. In the last letter of Pomona, there is contained, it seems to me, a well-known Germanic word for island, which exists in various forms (*a, aa, oe, ey, oog, ooge*). It is a very common ending of island names in Shetland, in the Orkneys, as well as in Scottish, German, and Scandinavian territory.

Thus, through a mere misunderstanding of a word, the northern island name of Pomona was confused with the Roman goddess of fruit-trees; and the reputation of the unhappy Pytheas was made to suffer for it. Here it may be stated that there is strong reason to believe in an immigration of Germanic war-clans or vikings from Scandinavia into Scotland and the Orkneys in prehistoric times. In this way the occurrence of a Germanic island name in the Orkneys, even in Pytheas's time, would easily be explained. Tacitus, whose statements are based on the reports of his father-in-law, Agricola, who was in North Britain as a general and who fought the natives, attributes to the Caledonians a German origin, and describes them as large-limbed and reddish-haired.

At a time when Greeks and Romans were not yet able to distinguish clearly between Gaul and Germany; when, in fact "Keltiké," the Keltic country, served as a common name for both, it was through Pytheas, in all likelihood, that some word like "Germara" was first brought from the North to the shores of the Mediterranean. That land was held to extend from the Rhine as far as Scythia, from the "Orkynian Forest" to the Northern Seas.

Now, the Orkynian or Herkynian Forest, first mentioned by Aristoteles, signifies, strictly speaking, the German forest country in general. Although the expression was occasionally used for some special mountain forest, there are numerous passages in ancient writers which prove its more general meaning. From the Rhine, and from the sources of the Danube, the Herkynian Forest reached beyond the Vistula. It took two months — as Cæsar (*De Bello Gall.* vi. 24) says — for a man to traverse it from west to east. But what does Herkynian, or Hercynian, mean?

The question, in my opinion, is not difficult to solve. "Harug" is the Old German, "Hörgr" the Scandinavian, word for a forest; hence the Herkynian name. "Hergenröther," "Hergenröder," "Her-

genroth" — which means "Rooter-up of a Forest" — or "Herkner," that is "Forester," are to this day common German family names.

After having visited the Kimbrians, the Teutons and the Goths near the German Ocean and the Baltic, Pytheas, as stated before, made his way further north to the Land of the Midnight Sun. "There," says one of the fragments of his report which has been preserved, "the barbarians showed us the lair where the Sun takes his rest." To all primitive races, the sun is not merely a star, but also a deity. German chieftains, like Boiocal, appealed to the orb of heaven as to a God. So the Romans report. Was it not the same with the highly civilized Greeks?

From the Norse Edda we see that the Sun — a female deity — whose celestial car is drawn by two stallions, gives birth to a daughter. The latter is described as "not less beautiful than she (the Sun) herself. This Daughter henceforth will proceed on the path of the Mother."* In Low German folk-tales, Freia, once a Goddess of the Sun as well as of Love, still appears as "the little sun" (*dat Sönnenken*). Is it therefore to be wondered at that the Scandinavian barbarians showed Pytheas the lair of the Sun? Were there not also Greek daughters of the Sun, the aforementioned Heliades?

High up in the north Pytheas came to a "crystal ocean," a Frozen Sea, where the earth, the water, the air, and all things seemed to be intermixed, and where one could neither sail nor walk through the supernatural confusion. The whole mass of the elements was compared to an enormous kind of "sea-lungs;" that is, sea-nettles, or a substance like jellyfish. Ebb and flow — so one rather difficult passage attributed to Pytheas is interpreted — was brought about by the breathing of the immense marine animal that lived there.

Of course we do not know how the Greek Humboldt expressed himself exactly on this subject. Still, we see clearly that he is describing the neighborhood of the Arctic Circle, that "rigid and nearly immovable sea" which Tacitus, in his "Germania," places beyond the land of the Suiones (Sweden), at the furthestmost end of the earth. It is the Kleber Meer (Sticky Sea), or the Leber Meer (Liver Sea), as Hans Sachs, the German master-singer of the sixteenth century, semi-fabulously calls it. Now, the explanation of the tide from the breathing of an immense

* Gylfaginning, 53.

animal was, no doubt, mentioned by Pytheas, simply as a northern folk-tale. We know for certain that he himself explained ebb and flow by the action of the moon.

Curiously enough, the northern folk-tale concerning an immense marine animal was still believed in Shetland at the beginning of the present century. Mr. Robert Sinclair, of Lerwick, who was a fisherman in his youth, and later on a merchant, and who, at the age of seventy-six, now lives at Melbourne, in Australia, wrote to me some years ago:—

Referring to the now effete Shetlandic idea of the cause of the tides, I may say I have to fall back on reminiscences more than half a century old. When a mere boy or young lad, and being in the wilds of Shetland, I ever felt a craving to understand the cause of this and the cause of that; but, being entirely cut off from the world, could get but sorry food to satisfy my mental cravings. I had no school-master near, nor even any educated individual, nor even a book but the Bible and Catechism, which it was long before I could read properly. I was ever asking all and sundry; and an old man named John Georgeson, from whom I got many of my "Finn" and "Sea-Kye" tales, gave me his version of the cause of the tides. Namely, that away, far out in the sea, near the edge of the world, there lived a monstrous sea-serpent that took about six hours to draw in his breath, and six hours to let it out; which sufficiently (to him at least) accounted for the rise and fall of the waters. I felt inclined to laugh at the monstrous idea, yet was entirely puzzled to know the real cause. . . . At that time I knew nothing of any northern mythology, and know but little still; but after a peep into Mallet, etc., I was led to the conclusion that what I have referred to was simply some traditional idea of the Midgard serpent, which I had caught at the vanishing-point.

Those who have studied the folk-tales of Shetland know well what weird and ancient notions, traceable to a long by-gone cosmogonic creed, are still lingering in those storm-beaten islands. Thus the reports of Pytheas get confirmation from ideas which were still current there in our own days.

The bitter enemy of Pytheas, in classic antiquity, was Strabon, the Greek geographer, who wrote nearly four hundred years after him. Plinius, the Roman scientist, shows a greater sense of justice towards the Massilian scholar and explorer. It is difficult to get rid of an impression that Strabon, who otherwise states matters with much calmness and in a fair spirit, must have had some personal reason—perhaps a kind of scientific jealousy—for thus covering his predecessor, a man of his own race, with un-

merited obloquy. But Strabon, in trying to heap insult upon Pytheas, only shows by his own remarks how much mistaken he himself was in the very points on which he sought to convict Pytheas of "charlatanry."

For one thing, Strabon would not believe that there are inhabitable islands so far north as those mentioned by Pytheas under the name of Thule. Those regions, Strabon imagined, were too cold for men to inhabit. Then, Strabon placed Ierne (Ireland) "just north of Britain," and he said: "People live there wretchedly, and like savages, on account of the extreme cold. It is here, in my opinion, that the bounds of the habitable earth must be fixed." Again, Strabon would not believe that the sea voyage from Cadiz to what is now Cape St. Vincent took so long a time as Pytheas asserted. Strabon simply was not aware of the force of the south-eastern currents in those parts. He also ridiculed the statement of Pytheas, that it is easier to pass from the northern parts of Spain into the Celtic country (France) by land than to go there by sea. Strabon knew not the Bay of Biscay. Again, he declared the terrors of the storm-floods in the German Ocean to be a mere seaman's tale, a yarn of Pytheas. We know now the great historical devastations of that stormy sea. Finally, Strabon thought that Pytheas could not have gone so far into the Baltic as he said he had, because, if his report had been founded on truth, he would have found there the mouth of the Caspian Sea! That was a false belief once prevailing in antiquity.

All such mis-statements only tell against Strabon and in favor of Pytheas, who was shamefully treated by the former, and whose words were not even cited in a literal quotation. Has not even Herodotos, the father of history, been attacked as the "Father of Lies;" and does not recent and fuller research more and more confirm many of those statements of his, which were formerly set down as inventions? Have not Du Chaillu and Stanley found that African dwarf race which was so long held to be a fable? Is not that man-ape of classic antiquity, the gorilla whose existence was considered a myth, now proved to be a fact? Was there not some early knowledge among the Greeks of the sources of the Nile, although for about two thousand years afterwards the reports in question were regarded as fictitious or as wild guesses?

In the same way the reputation of Pytheas was unjustly attacked in olden times.

But through the darkness of ages the name of this earliest Greek visitor to the British, German, and Scandinavian coasts shines still, and our only regret is that his important record no longer exists in its original shape—a deplorable loss to history.

KARL BLIND.

From Temple Bar.

ST. PETERSBURG TO SEBASTOPOL.

It was the second week in August. My time was my own till the end of September. I told my friends that I was going to spend part of it in Russia. "In Russia!" cried a female relative; "what on earth are you going to Russia for?" A travelled friend said: "I once thought of making a tour there; but a man who knows the country intimately told me it was madness to go there in August; but of course if you have set your heart on going—well, I cannot help it," and with a smile of pity he left me. Another friend—female—said: "Are you not afraid of being blown up by the Nihilists?" An old officer said: "I should like very much to go to Russia" (ah! I thought, these old Indians are the men to sympathize with one); "but," he added, "I should only care to go there in winter." A final crash came from another friend, whom I asked to accompany me: "I would not go to Russia if you paid my expenses." Encouraged by these kindly expressions of interest, I set out; and the following pages are a brief record of my journey.

I took the only really pleasant way to St. Petersburg. That is, by the good but expensive Wilson line of steamers from Hull to Göteborg; thence by rail across Sweden—that most delightful of all countries to travel in—to Stockholm; thence by boat to Abo through a most picturesque series of islands; and so on by rail across Finland to St. Petersburg, which may thus be reached in a comfortable week's travelling from London. It was at Abo, on the Gulf of Finland, that I first landed on Russian soil.

Finland is to a great extent still Swedish in customs, language, and feeling, and as I had come to see Russia, and not Sweden, I did not linger there. Catching the early train at Abo, I drove at the easy rate of seventeen or eighteen miles an hour to St. Petersburg. A Swede amused me by telling me *en route* that it was the hottest summer they had had in Finland for thirty years. When I was last in those parts a

few years before, it was the coldest summer they had had for twenty-seven years!

I arrived in St. Petersburg on midnight of August 17th. The first thing that strikes one on driving through St. Petersburg is its immensity. The squares, the streets, the magnificent Neva, the palaces, and the gardens are on a much larger scale than Western eyes are accustomed to. Hence at first sight one says, What a handsome city, how well laid out, how nobly adorned with buildings! This was my impression as I drove at night from the station along the broad highways that led to the hotel. Subsequent experience dispelled the illusion. The bold breadth of the streets remained, the noble vista up the Nevski Prospect still attracted me, the carefully kept gardens were only too welcome a retreat from the hot August sun; but there the charm ended. Daylight revealed what night had mercifully hidden. It showed me the hideous yellow stucco with which the palaces were covered, the atrocious stones with which the streets were paved; a city of buildings without picturesqueness, and without life. There stretched line after line of stucco houses, with little or no variety of form or color, monotonous in their intense uniformity, "icily regular, splendidly null," with scarcely a spot on which the eye could rest with pleasure. It was like being in a new country house, with large square rooms, only half furnished. The conception was fine, the result was cold and unsympathetic. I know not how it is, but the broad streets of modern towns have a very dull look. They are extremely convenient, no doubt, for traffic, and add to the healthiness of the population by admitting into the city frequent currents of air, but "dull, unlovely streets" they are, and will be to the end. It is the same everywhere, whether in the New World or the Old. What is more unlovable than the greater part of the avenues and streets of New York, monotonous rows of monotonous houses without beauty or life?

Ruskin tells us in one of his lectures, that, on going from one house to another in Glasgow to deliver a lecture, he counted in one street alone more than seven hundred windows identically similar. What an insult to nature, where of all the million leaves, and of all the million pebbles, not one leaf, and not one pebble is like its fellow!

There is one thing, however, at St. Petersburg which never fails to delight, and that is the Neva. Its grandeur does not consist in the beauty of its banks, for

these are perfectly flat, but in its breadth, its volume, and its color. There is no city which I have seen which has a river passing through it comparable to this one. There are numerous steamers continually plying from shore to shore. On the hot summer evenings they are crowded with people going to the restaurants and open-air theatres a little way out of town.

In spite, however, of the unfurnished look about St. Petersburg to which I have referred, the city will ever remain a splendid monument to the genius of its founder. There is no more interesting character in Russian history than that of Peter I. He had the faculty of intense application, an indefatigable zeal for his country; a loftiness of aim, such as in a person of less genius would have been the sign of a madman; a consuming thirst for knowledge, that drove him to toil with the navvies of Deptford and Zaandam. Yet at the same time he was more degraded than many a savage—disgusting beyond measure in his manners; steeped in a licentiousness that startled and filled with loathing the licentious courts of Europe; gloating in cruelties that are well-nigh beyond parallel in history. A genius, who advanced his country from the pale of outer barbarism to intercourse with, and the respect of the more civilized nations of Europe; a man, who almost in the agonies of his last illness did not hesitate to jump overboard to save a poor sailor from drowning; an emperor, who ordered seven thousand prisoners to be butchered in cold blood, and with his own hand assisted in their execution by hacking off the heads of some of the victims—offer, when united in the one person of Peter the Great, a profoundly interesting study in human nature. His was a spirit, as Byron says of Napoleon, "antithetically mixed," "extreme in all things." His nobility and his savagery united in one point—an intense love of his country. All his actions and thoughts were stimulated by the hope of raising Russia to a level among the nations; he toiled for her, and not for himself; his success entitles him to the gratitude of Russians.

The building of St. Petersburg is an instance of his genius and indomitable pluck. He wanted "a window to look out from upon Europe." To effect his purpose he brought workmen from far and near to drain and drive piles into the pestiferous marshes that then surrounded the Neva. He did not disdain to work with his own hand, and they show you still at St. Petersburg the wooden cottage

where the master of millions of subjects lived the life of a navvy. Workmen perished by the thousand from fever and other causes, as the work went on; but Peter persevered, and at length laid the foundations of the present majestic capital of Russia.

Lord Beaconsfield says somewhere, that there are at least two requisites to make a perfect city—size and beautiful buildings. To make the perfect city, therefore, I suppose we should have to go to London for its size, to Rome and Athens for its buildings, to Constantinople for its site; just as, in order to make the perfect cathedral, we must take the portal of Rheims, the nave of Amiens, the choir of Beauvais, and the tower of Chartres.

I am afraid that the claim of St. Petersburg to rank as the perfect city would fail in respect of its buildings. It can boast of only one really fine edifice; that is, St. Isaac's Cathedral. This is a magnificent structure, built during the present century in the form of a Greek cross. The foundations alone cost £200,000. The dome is covered with copper, overlaid with one hundred and eighty-five pounds avoirdupois of gold. It does not rise out of the roof, but is separated from it by a circumference of windows, by means of which the church is lighted. This is the sign of a late style of architecture. I had a very fine view of the city and the Neva from the top. The screen in the interior, which divides the congregation from the inner shrine, is adorned with pictures and precious stones, and eight large columns encased in malachite, and two smaller ones in lapis-lazuli. On holy days the cathedral is thronged with worshippers, mostly of the poorer class. To the foreigner in nationality and religion the sight of hundreds of men and women kneeling at the shrines, or bowing down their foreheads till they touch the cold marble of the floor, is deeply interesting. Outside the doors stand lines of beggars importuning each passer-by for alms. This system of begging in Russia is a great nuisance. The traveller is constantly liable to be accosted by some miserable creature, who shows you his wounds and sores (some of them perhaps of his own making) and begs for money.

A few words about the collection at the Hermitage may not be out of place. I do not remember to have seen anywhere under one roof such a magnificent collection of pictures, jewels, antiquities, and curiosities of all sorts. Finely wrought tables with tops of solid malachite or lapis-lazuli;

enormous vases and candelabra composed entirely of porphyry or jasper; caskets with inlaid work of precious stones and marbles—spoke to the taste and mineral wealth of Russia. Coming a few weeks later to the Galerie d'Apollon at the Louvre, with the memory of these treasures still fresh in my mind, I could not help smiling at the prominent position there given to some vases, which in the Hermitage would be looked upon as unworthy of even the lowest place.

There is a large room full of Murillo's paintings, some of them replicas (copies?) of pictures in other galleries of Europe; the chief Italian masters are also well represented. One of the most interesting rooms in the building is that devoted to relics of Peter the Great. There is a cast of his face taken during life, and a model of himself in a dress embroidered for him by Catherine I. The war-horse he rode at Poltava stands hard by, covered with the original skin. Peter was, it is said, seven feet high, and had a strong, sinewy frame capable of sustaining an enormous amount of fatigue. His iron walking-stick, with which in moments of anger he would belabor the heads of his attendants or ministers, is shown here; and an endless assortment of tools, turning lathes, and mathematical instruments, which this workman-emperor made or used. Other rooms in the palace contain extremely fine collections of ancient statuary, and antiquities from Kertch and Scythia, one or two of the Greek vases being especially beautiful.

I left St. Petersburg by night train for Moscow. Railway travelling in Russia is, as a rule, slow; but between the present and past capitals of Russia there is a fairly swift express which does the distance—four hundred miles—in about fifteen hours. The carriages are very comfortable. Some of them are divided into separate compartments, each of which is large enough for two persons. By payment of ten shillings over the first-class fare, you can engage half the compartment, and by payment of another ten shillings you secure the whole for yourself. The other carriages are built on the model of the Pullman cars, but far exceed them in comfort. Instead of the angular, straight-backed chairs—all seemingly borrowed from the rooms of retiring dentists—which the Pullman car offers, one has good honest armchairs, roomy and well-padded. These let down at night, and form first-rate beds, where the most exacting traveller can sleep in comfort.

Even in America, where luxurious travelling has been reduced to a science, I never met with railway chairs so comfortable as these. Unfortunately, they are not universal in Russia, but are only found on a few of the more crowded lines. There are also most excellent buffets along the principal routes.

I had the pleasure of having a long chat *en route* with a Russian prince, who was going south to visit his estates. Since the emancipation of the serfs, few landlords live on their properties. He complained, as we do at home, that he was entirely in the hands of his tenants. In bad years, the tenants, instead of paying any rent, expected him to feed them. On the other hand, when the season was a good one, like the present, the money came in so fast, that, he said, you really hardly knew what to do with it.

We arrived at Moscow next morning, and put up at the Slavianski Bazaar, a very good hotel in the centre of the town. The only objection to it was, that the servants had an absurd partiality for their own language. With the exception of the managers in the bureau, the porter, and one waiter, whom I could never find, no one in the hotel spoke anything but Russian. Now Russian is a very fine language, and I have a great respect for those who can speak it, but as my own knowledge of it was limited to three words which I could not pronounce, I found it a little difficult at times to procure what I wanted. It was no good to guess at the *menu* because, being in the Russian character, it was illegible. At the Slavianski, an English merchant and his nephew, carrying on business at Moscow, seeing my difficulties, came to my rescue, and showed me much kindness during my stay there. Sometimes at restaurants I was reduced to writing down my wants in French or German, and sending the waiter round the establishment till he found an interpreter. English was of little or no use. Some of the waiters were evidently devout aesthetes. If I rang for anything while dressing, and by manual or other signs endeavored to explain my wants, nine times out of ten they brought me a teapot! I felt like the traveller in France, who was surprised at hearing the street boys talking French. It came upon me in the light of an unexpected discovery that they spoke Russian in Russia. I always thought that every Russian spoke two or three languages. I found it was not so. French was spoken in most, if not all of the larger shops; but I looked in vain for the polyglot waiter or

porter of Switzerland; while the people, on whom the traveller is very much dependent, as cab-drivers, railway guards, etc., understood nothing but their own language. Officers and ladies were the most likely persons to experiment upon, but many of the former, whom I spoke to, knew only a few words of French.

The centre of interest at Moscow lies in the Kremlin. Its walls, which date from the fifteenth century, have a circumference of about one mile and a half. The interior was entirely burnt in 1737, so that all its present buildings are since that date. The general view of the Kremlin disappointed me. I expected to see edifices of large extent and imposing appearance. I only saw a stucco palace, four * small cathedrals, and the really fine Ivan's Tower. The interest of nearly all Russian buildings lies in the inside. There is some very elegant decoration in the palace, and the Hall of St. George is a magnificent room. The interiors of the cathedrals are profusely decorated with paintings and gilt work, and contain many very valuable relics. The decoration seemed to be too lavish and in poor taste. The very interesting Church of the Assumption was unfortunately closed for repairs, in expectation of the approaching coronation of the czar. I went to the top of Ivan's Tower, and gazed upon a scene which I know not where to parallel. At my feet flashed the golden cupolas of the cathedrals of the Kremlin; farther off rose the five lofty gates which pierce the Kremlin walls; of which the Redeemer Gate has acquired such a sanctity from a miraculous picture of the Saviour which is over the entrance, that the czar himself passes under it bareheaded; at the foot of the walls flowed the river from which Moscow takes its name; while on all sides lay the great city, its winding streets, and strange, irregular houses, and its thirteen hundred steeples fantastic with their varied designs, and gorgeous with colorings of red and green and gold.† Yet wonderful as the view of Moscow is at the present time, it is nothing—if travellers' accounts be true—to what it was last century. Just seventy years ago old Moscow perished by the hand of Russian patriots, lest it should offer shelter to the enemy. But the invasion of Napoleon in 1812, left behind it other memorials than the ashes of a

beautiful city. Within the Kremlin walls are arranged no less than eight hundred and seventy-five pieces of artillery, which his army abandoned in its headlong flight from the burning ruins. I suppose that there is no other city in the world where such a trophy as that is to be seen. When visiting Napoleon's tomb on my return through Paris, I asked one of the guardians if any of the Grand Army still survived. He said there were several, but "Ils vont partir." I remember seeing at Waterloo a few years ago a French soldier, who told me he had been wounded at Moscow.

There is another fine view of Moscow to be had from the Sparrow Hills about two miles off. It was here that the wearied army of Napoleon first caught sight of the city. We drove there one afternoon in a drojky. The drojky is a cumbersome representation of the Paris fiacre. It is strongly built, and has an extra fastening which stretches from the poles to the axles of the front wheels. This is meant, I suppose, to keep this "wonderful one-horse shay" together over the extraordinarily paved roads which exist in Russia. Some have two horses, others only one.

The one-horsed drojky is meant to hold two persons. Our experience was that it held one and a bit. It is a common and an amusing sight to see some gallant officer deftly encircling the waist of his fair companion in one of these conveyances. "His arm gets in the way so," he explains, "and this is the only means of disposing of it that he can think of." The horses are first-rate, small in size, but able to do a great deal of hard work, and keep their good looks in spite of it. Nearly all of them are stallions, and are bred in Russia. The driver, who is sometimes a mere boy, wears a dark blue dressing-gown kind of coat, a curiously shaped hat, and high-topped boots, and makes quite a picturesque object. His dress seems to be a very hot one for summer, but the average driver is too poor to buy cooler clothing. It is astonishing what an amount of heat Russians seem capable of bearing. Even on the hot days of August a great many of the officers would wear their thick military cloaks. There are no fixed fares for the drojky. Every time you hire one a long course of bargaining ensues between you and the driver; until at length the latter consents to take about half what he first asked. Sixpence will take you a long way, and on one occasion I got a drive for twopence. In the absence of an agreed fare the driver charges what he likes.

* In Milton's time there were "nine fair churches with round gilded towers." (*Vide* his "Brief History of Muscovia," published in 1689.)

† St. Basil, just outside the Kremlin, has eleven domes, all designed and colored differently.

Once we paid two roubles (four shillings) for a drive of a few hundred yards in a two-horsed carriage!

The most fashionable resort at Moscow on a summer evening is the Hermitage Gardens. Spaces for open-air entertainments are but few in crowded Moscow, so that these gardens are always full. They are brilliantly lighted up, and contain a restaurant, and a covered and open theatre. Whenever I am in a strange country I always make a point of going to the theatre. To some extent a people is known by its theatres. Both at Moscow and at St. Petersburg the large city theatres are shut during the hot summer months, and the people flock to those less pretentious houses on the outskirts of the town. I have never seen more enthusiastic audiences than at these summer theatres. At the Hermitage Gardens, I remember especially, the people became quite frenzied with delight at the appearance of one of their favorites. This lady sang and acted with great taste, and had recently married one of the richest men in Moscow. Enormous bouquets and shouts of welcome greeted her appearance. There was another actor there, also, who carried the audience by storm. He sang in an exceedingly funny way a Russian song with pointed local allusions. It seemed to have as many verses as that associated with the name of the Vicar of Bray. At the end of each verse the singer made a feint of retiring, but was brought back by the tumultuous applause of his hearers. I did not understand a word of it, but I was so infected by the roar of laughter which greeted every verse, and by the inimitable way in which the song was sung, that I laughed till I could laugh no more. I could not help contrasting, as I went out, the behavior of these laughter-loving people with that of our American cousins. I remember once seeing one or two tolerably amusing and interesting pieces at a theatre in Baltimore; during the whole evening not a face among the audience relaxed a muscle, not a voice raised a single cheer.

A pass from the governor enabled us to enter the Temple of the Saviour, which is now in process of construction. It is built as usual in the form of a Greek cross, and has a large gilded dome. The exterior of the building has an imposing appearance, and some finely executed reliefs, but is otherwise not so attractive as that of St. Isaac's at St. Petersburg. No doubt time will add warmth and color to it. The interior is the most lovely specimen of

decorative art that I have ever seen. The floor is made of most beautifully polished marbles from Italy, and from Finland and other parts of Russia. The design is singularly simple and elegant. The walls, both down and up stairs, are covered by frescoes and pictures by the best Russian masters, and show a beauty and a refinement of taste that I was astonished to find on Russian soil. The screen is composed of the most delicate and costly marbles, beautifully worked. On the doors which lead into the Holy Place behind, are painted two figures with faces of exquisite tenderness. The church not having been consecrated, we were permitted to enter into this Holy Place. Every inch of the church is in some way adorned with gilding, or painting, or marble, and yet the colors are so harmoniously blended together that they never seem to be too profuse. The effect of the whole is quite unique.

In travelling through Russia I was much surprised at the frequent evidences of good taste which I met with. I had always thought that the Russians had a barbaric partiality for gaudy and tasteless decoration. Up to within quite recent years this opinion would seem to have been correct. The internal adornment of the older churches is curious rather than attractive. But lately Russian taste seems to have made a new departure. The Temple of the Saviour is the grandest proof of this. But evidence of the same thing is not wanting in much smaller matters. In wandering through Moscow I often came across very tenderly painted heads on the walls of otherwise insignificant churches, very different from the grotesque paintings one finds in other parts of the Continent. Take again an illustration from Russian cookery. I once stopped for breakfast at some provincial town—I think it was Kharkof—and ordered some sturgeon. In a short time the dish made its appearance. It was a work of art. Not the sprawling, flabby slice of fish one meets with at times, but a piece nicely cooked, tastefully decorated with bits of vegetables, and crowned with a graceful pyramid. The cook was evidently a man of taste. Or again, what can be more elegant in its way than a meal served up on one of the better class of Russian steamers? I have a lively recollection of the tasteful manner in which the meals were served on board the boat between Sebastopol and Constantinople, while the appearance of the noiseless attendant, with his long blue coat and brass buttons, and his white cotton gloves, was quite irreproachable. What a con-

trast, I could not help thinking, to the steward of even our best English steamers! I am not referring here to the habits of the less civilized parts of Russia, but only to what I saw on the more frequented routes.

There is another building in Moscow which I must mention, because it is very illustrative of the manners of the people—I mean the Foundling Hospital. It is an enormous structure situated on the banks of the Moskva, approached by a carriage-drive, and surrounded by gardens. It was founded by Catherine II., and a yearly grant of £180,000 is made by the government for its support. It may be looked upon, therefore, as a State institution. It is meant to serve as a receptacle for any children, whom their parents wish to get rid of. The process is exceedingly simple. Any mother who finds her baby an inconvenience brings it to the hospital. There is no false shame about the woman. She brings it quite openly, and hands it in to the superintendent. "I have got a child here that I want to leave, please," she says, just as one goes to the cloak-room at a station, leaves a bag, pays twopence, gets a ticket, and walks off. The name of the baby, if it has one, is registered in the books of the hospital; if it has not been already christened and baptized, that ceremony is performed on the day following its admission. The child is immediately ticketed with a particular number; the ticket is tied on to its back and never removed, so that there can be no future mistake as to its identity. A corresponding ticket is given to the mother, who walks off happy and contented, having by that simple proceeding completely divested herself of all responsibility and expense in the bringing-up of her child. If her maternal feelings are sufficiently warm, she can reclaim the child any time within ten years after its admission by the production of her ticket. After that, her time of election is passed, and the child remains in the hospital until he or she is seventeen; then, if it is a boy, he is put into some agricultural employment, and if it is a girl, she is apprenticed to some other trade. We entered with great curiosity this nursery-ground of heroes and heroines. After a little delay the head matron came to show us round. She told us, as we went along, that about forty children on an average were left there every day, or about thirteen thousand a year, and that nearly all were illegitimate. We passed into the gardens, where nurses and children were basking in the soft Au-

gust air. The nurses drew up in two lines, one on each side of the path. We walked down the centre, the nurses bowing down to the ground as we passed. Score after score of strong, coarse-featured peasants stood there, all holding children in their arms; other infants were laid out in their little cots on the grass in endless succession. In another spot those who appeared especially delicate were laid side by side on little copper cradles filled with hot water.

We entered the washing-room, where several children were being initiated into the principles of cleanliness. During this process their tickets are never removed, so that there is no fear of the same difficulties arising here as arose in the case of those unfortunate twins, who complain in song,—

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
While we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed.

We then visited the dormitories, which like all other parts of the building were scrupulously clean and airy. Indeed, every possible attention that forethought and skill can suggest is given to the children. There are wards for every sort of illness, and a medical staff attached to the hospital. The children are vaccinated when a month old, and many of them then removed to country branches of the institution. We saw a party of nurses about to start with their tiny charges and tinier bundles. In spite, however, of every precaution, the matron told us about fifty per cent. of the children died. Poor soul! what an anxious life she must lead, in looking after six or seven hundred infants every day of the year. She seemed contented enough, and even refused the douceur we offered her, and which we put into the box instead for the support of so excellent an institution. We also visited the linen department. The pleasant old woman in charge of it told us that forty-seven thousand pieces of linen went to the wash every week. The numbers are duly noted down in her books, and the dear old creature's only ambition in life is to see that never a piece be missing. She had received a cross of honor, she proudly told us, from the emperor, and I am sure she deserved it. There is a chapel in the building, and numerous other wards similar to those we visited. We bade a cordial farewell to our kind-hearted guide, and went out deeply pondering. Verily, I thought, the dream of the divine

Plato has come to pass—mothers no longer bring up their own children, but hand them in to the State nursery, where chosen nurses, strong and healthy, take them in charge. "The proper officers," says Plato, "will take the offspring of the good parents to the pen or fold, and there they will deposit them with certain nurses who live in a separate quarter" (Rep. bk. v., p. 460, Jowett's trans.). Yet not in his own beautiful land, where he looked for it, was this one great characteristic of Plato's ideal republic to find a partial realization, but in a far-off Northern region, on dreary plains of which he had scarcely ever heard, and among a people that was not then born,* and who scornfully reject nearly every other feature of the city which his genius called into being.

I had fully made up my mind not to go to the great fair at Nijni Novgorod, partly because fairs are essentially tiresome, and partly because those who have seen it, come away terribly disappointed—Mr. Wallace, for instance, says in his "Russia" (the best book we have on the country): "Altogether, I should advise the traveller not to go very far out of his way to visit this great annual gathering." However, I generally find that travelling plans are only made to be broken. It is one of the solitary traveller's many delights to be able to alter his route at a moment's notice. Persuaded by the earnest exhortations of several Russians, who protested that if I had not seen the fair I had not seen Russia, that there the East and West met together as nowhere else they met, and fearful of a life-long regret, if I omitted to visit what some have styled the eighth wonder of the world, I broke my resolve and went.

It is twelve hours by night express from Moscow to Nijni Novgorod. At the Moscow station I came across a Canadian and an American travelling there to make inquiries about fruits. With characteristic energy they were travelling from the Mississippi to the Volga to see what fruits thrived best winter and summer in a climate not dissimilar to their own, with the ultimate view of transplanting specimens to their own countries. We had an introduction to a member of one of the mercantile houses at Nijni Novgorod, who put us in the way of getting a guide for the fair. A wonderful guide he proved; with a long white beard, and large blue goggles, and a ponderous walking-stick,

and suit of sober black, he would have looked eminently venerable, had he not, like his clothes, been in such a visible state of decay. As an imparter of information he was not to be depended on. Not having the means of refuting most of his statements, we placed implicit confidence in them. Those that we did test proved to be extraordinarily wild. However, there was no help for it, so we brushed up our best German (our ancient friend spoke that alone of Western tongues) and sallied forth, trying to look as if it was all a mistake, and our companion had nothing whatever to do with us. We drove up to the long terrace that overlooks the Oka and the Volga. It is fourteen hundred miles from here down the Volga to the Caspian, and there are steamers of all sorts constantly plying upon its waters. I met some people later on in the Crimea who had just made a comfortable trip on the river, from Nijni Novgorod to Astrakhan. The view from the terrace is most extensive, embracing on the one side the long course of the Volga and the limitless plains to the east; and on the other, the miles of booths which make up the great fair. To these we made haste to descend. Goods are brought here for sale from all parts of the East and West, and the "sales and purchases represent the value of more than £16,000,000 sterling." We visited all the most interesting parts, and chatted, through our invaluable interpreter, with Russian fur merchants, Persian vendors of shawls and carpets, and Chinese purveyors of tea. The tea is brought all the way overland. Many connoisseurs affirm that tea is spoiled by a sea journey, and that Russians alone of Western nations have it in its perfection. It was very curious to find ourselves at one and the same time among the products and the representatives of so many different nations; and the bright robes of men of the East were in charming contrast with the dingy garments of men of the West. But after wandering for three or four hours among the long lines of wooden booths, and having made one or two small purchases, we felt that we had done our duty, that the finger of scorn could no longer be pointed at us with the taunt that we had visited Russia and not Nijni Novgorod, and we returned not unwillingly to our hotel. We took the opportunity of having a sterlet, as it can alone be had to perfection—fresh from its native Volga. The sterlet must be cooked as soon as killed, and is a rich and delicious fish. We had the good fortune of making the

* The Russians derive their origin to a large extent from Rurik, and the Scandinavians, who did not conquer Russia till about A.D. 862.

acquaintance at the hotel of some Danish ladies — wanderers like ourselves — whom I am bound to say that one, if not both of our party, found much more entertaining than the rival fair. A call for wine for our new friends, a chat on the balcony on that soft August evening, away from the bustle of the fair, while inside a band of minstrels sang sweet foreign airs; and then a last farewell — "that sound that makes us linger," as Byron says — and we rushed off to the station to catch the night express back to Moscow. Altogether, my day at Nijni Novgorod was the most amusing day I spent in Russia. But then I had the advantages of having cool weather, a pleasant companion, a comic guide, an agreeable rencontre. A less fortunate visitor would find the great fair a bore, and a would-be purchaser would find it a delusion.

It is two and a half days' journey from Moscow to Sebastopol, including unavoidable stoppages of four hours at Kursk, and seven at Kharkof. The carriages are good all along the line, and especially so between Kharkof and Sebastopol. Of scenery *en route*, there is none. The broad plains over which the train passes are to a great extent cultivated, but otherwise uninteresting. They are like the prairies of North America, stripped of that beautiful flowing grass, which gives them their chief charm. It was quite a pleasing change to look upon the mountains of the Crimea, and after running through Alma and Inkerman to draw up at Sebastopol. I was surprised to find the place in such a ruinous state. In the old days it must have had quite an imposing appearance. But the English guns played terrible havoc among its buildings, and little or nothing seems to have been done to repair the damage. Barracks, churches, forts, have all suffered the same fate, and the few new houses which have sprung up since the war offer a strange contrast to what is otherwise a city of ruins. The harbor alone remains untouched, and offers a safe refuge for ships, and constant amusement for bathers. The stars in their courses fought against the English in the war, for winter weather like that we experienced then is very rare at Sebastopol; wind and rain are common enough at that time of the year, but not snow and ice.

It is a pleasant walk along the heights to the English Cemetery on Cathcart's Hill. There are five or six others at different points, but this is the most interesting. All of them are under the charge of a German custodian, whose services are

paid at the not very extravagant rate of £50 a year. I was sorry to find that the inscriptions on the tombstones are becoming quite illegible. They are not cut deeply into the stones, nor picked out with black lead. The cemetery, moreover, is in a very lofty position, and exposed to all the actions of wind and weather. I fear that in a few years there will be nothing left to show to whom the graves belong. We might take as much pride in perpetuating the names of our dead, as the Russians do of theirs in their cemetery on the north side of the harbor.

The story of the Crimean battlefields has been told too often to need repetition. A chat with the English consul — who was one of the first officers to enter Sebastopol; a dinner with the vice-consul on the boulevard that overlooks the town; a trip to the ruins of Kheronesus, and to beautiful Yalta, and to Livadia the summer house of the empress, are a few of the pleasant memories I have of Sebastopol. Having obtained the permission of the police to leave Russian soil, I set out for Constantinople, which had throughout been the ultimate object of my tour. It was with great regret that I set sail, because I had found Russia to be a country very full of interest. Instead of the discomfort and incivility my English friends had led me to expect, I found luxurious railway travelling, excellent and clean hotels, and abundant courtesy. If any one wishes to take a peep at Russia, he will be amply repaid by doing so. If, moreover, he happens to adopt a similar route to my own, and returns from Sebastopol by Constantinople and Athens, he will have seen in six or seven weeks a trio of towns — Moscow, Constantinople, and Athens — which it would be hard to match in interest elsewhere in Europe. London and Rome would make two out of the three, but where is the third?

WALTER B. PATON.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

ON SOME EXTRACTS FROM HARRIET SHELLEY'S LETTERS.*

Harriet's inexperience in business matters.

Lynmouth, August 5, 1812.

To Catherine Nugent, —

... I thank you, in Percy's name, for your kind offer of service, though at the same time we cannot accept it. The case is this: His

* Now first published in this country. The original letters are in the possession of Dr. Edward Dowden.

printer refuses to go on with his poems until he is paid. Now, such a demand is seldom made, as printers are never paid until the profits arising from the work come in, and Percy agreed with him to this effect. And as long as we staid in Dublin he wore the mask which is now taken off.

Opinions of Miss Hitchener — and of Godwin.

Our friend, Miss Hitchener, is come to us. She is very busy writing for the good of mankind. She is very dark in complexion, with a great quantity of long black hair. She talks a great deal. If you like great talkers, she will suit you. She is taller than me or my sister, and as thin as it is possible to be. . . . Miss Hitchener has read your letter, and loves you in good earnest. Her own expression. I know you would love her did you know her. Her age is 30. She looks as if she was only 24, and her spirits are excellent. She laughs and talks and writes all day. She has seen the Godwins, and thinks Godwin different from what he seems; he lives so much from his family, only seeing them at stated hours. We do not like that; and he thinks himself such a very great man. He would not let one of his children come to us, just because he had not seen our faces. . . . Such excuses sit not well upon so great a literary character as he is. — I might have expected such an excuse from a woman of selfish and narrow mind, but not from Godwin. . . .

Views on the Irish Question.

Lymouth, August 11, 1812.

My dear Mrs. Nugent, — Your friend and our friend, Betsy,* has been reading "Pieces of Irish History," and is so much enraged with the characters there mentioned, that nothing will satisfy her desire of revenge but the printing and publishing of them, to exhibit to the world those characters which are — shameful to say — held up as being possessed of every amiable quality, whilst their hearts are as bad as it is possible to be. . . . Percy intends to print some proposals for printing "Pieces of Irish History," saying that every one, whether Irish or English, ought to read them. We depend upon you for many subscribers, as being upon the spot where so many of your exalted and brave countrymen suffered martyrdom. . . . There must be many still smarting under the wounds they have seen their brave companions suffer — and all from this hated country of mine! Good God! were I an Irish man or woman, how I should hate the English! It is wonderful how the poor Irish people can tolerate them! . . . Thank God we are not all alike, for I, too, can hate Lord Castlereagh as well as any Irishwoman. How does my heart's blood run cold at the idea of what he did in your unfortunate country. How is it that man is suffered to walk the streets in open daylight? . . . Betsy wishes much to see

you. Your last letter won her heart instantly. Reading "Pieces of Irish History" has made her so low-spirited. She possesses too much feeling for her own happiness. . . .

Personal impressions of the Godwins.

Lewis's Hotel, St. James's Street,
London (no date), 1812.

My dear Mrs. Nugent,* — You will smile at my address, wondering how and where we have been during the long interval that has taken place since the receipt of your last letter. . . . I know not how it is that whenever we fix upon any particular place of residence, something comes to take us to another. . . . Bysshe's being a minor lays us under many unpleasant affairs, and makes us obliged to depend upon, in a great measure, the will of others in the matter of raising money, without which nothing is to be done. We have seen the Godwins. Need I tell you that I love them all? You have read his works, therefore you know how you feel towards the author. His manners are so soft and pleasing, that I defy even an enemy to be displeased with him. We have the pleasure of seeing him daily, and upon his account we determined to settle near London. . . . There is one of the daughters of that dear Mary Wollstonecraft living with him. She is 19 years of age, very plain, but very sensible. The beauty of her mind fully counterbalances the plainness of her countenance. . . . She is very much like her mother, whose picture hangs up in his study. She must have been a most lovely woman. Her countenance speaks her a woman who would dare to think and act for herself. I wish you could share the pleasure we enjoy in his company. He is quite a family man. . . . G. is very much taken with Percy. He seems to delight so much in his society. He has given up everything for the sake of our society. . . .

Later impressions of Miss Hitchener.

Stratford-upon-Avon, November 14 (1812).

To Catherine Nugent, —

. . . The lady I have so often mentioned to you, of the name of Hitchener, has, to our very great happiness, left us. We were entirely deceived in her character as to republicanism, and, in short, everything else which she pretended to be. We were not long in finding out our great disappointment in her. As to any noble disinterested views, it is utterly impossible for a selfish character to feel them. She built all her hopes upon being able to separate me from my dearly loved Percy, and had the artfulness to say that Percy was really in love with her, and it was only his being married that could keep her within bounds, now. Percy had seen her once before his marriage. He thought her sensible, but nothing more. She wrote continually, and at last I wrote to her, and was

* Eliza Hitchener, presumably.

* Catherine Nugent, of Grafton Street, Dublin, unmarried, called Mrs. Nugent by courtesy only.

very much charmed with her letters. We thought it a thousand pities such a mind as hers appeared to be should be left in a place like that she inhabited. We, therefore, were very urgent for her to come and live with us; which was no sooner done than we found our mistake. It was a long time ere we could possibly get her away, till at last Percy said he would give her £100 per annum. And now, thank God, she has left us never more to return. . . .

The above extracts from Harriet Shelley's letters show the extremely youthful character of the writer, and how the bride of sixteen reflected all the moods and views of the husband of nineteen.

The letters also give some form to the shadowy personality of Harriet, and arouse a sympathy for the ill-fated girl. Children indeed both these were, untried, inexperienced, full of unknown and dangerous possibilities—unfit each to be leaned upon by the other—having none other on whom either could fully lean. The idyl is a sad one, and we would not utter harsh judgments on these children of fate. Still, some graver thoughts are awakened. Let us briefly recapitulate some circumstances of the story.

Shelley was a youth of nineteen, newly expelled from his Oxford college, when he first met Harriet Westbrook, who was a companion of his sisters, at a school in Clapham. Having failed to convince the authorities at Oxford of the appropriateness of his religious beliefs, Shelley was now bent on revealing his views to his sisters. Elizabeth was the favorite disciple. In his occasional visits to Church House, the poet met this fair, lovely girl, Harriet Westbrook, and straightway included her in his readings. Charmed with these tender and untried minds, Shelley wrote and talked of his success as a moral teacher to his friend Hogg—the partner of his Oxford escapades. In time the poet conceived the idea of uniting his favorite sister, Elizabeth, to his friend—in a relation unfettered by the matrimonial tie. Hogg was not fastidious, but not absolutely unmatrimonial in his views. The young Elizabeth stoutly refused to agree to the astounding proposition, and caused her brother the deepest chagrin and disappointment. His anger knew no bounds. "I loved a being"—so he wrote to Hogg—"the being that I love is *not what she was*; consequently, as love appertains to mind and not body, she exists no longer." That relieves the moral stigma. Followed out with all unconsciousness, we may transfer this form of

reasoning to the marriage bond, and need no further elucidations as to Shelley's conduct towards his first wife, terrible as it seems to some of us. Meantime, having failed to influence Elizabeth, Shelley returned with double energy to the other promising disciple. And here he had more hope. For Harriet Westbrook was a less evenly balanced nature; she was not at all the gay and careless schoolgirl of ordinary type. Ignorant, beautiful, and inexperienced, she was also morbid in some of her views—ready to consider herself ill-treated at home and at school—itsself a sign of deficient moral soundness, and she was quick to turn the conversation on suicide as the only rational remedy for all woes. Shelley studied the girl's character, found his principles easy and quick of growth in this virgin soil, and constituted himself "guide, philosopher, and friend." All-powerful in his manhood and his beauty, he was soon the one object of life, love, and interest in the heart of her who was to be finally moulded by his cold and careless hands. As to the causes of the complaints of unhappiness and injustice which fired Shelley's imagination with the pseudo-chivalrous sentiment in these early days, they were inappreciable when examined. Home surrounding, not altogether congenial—a sister, nearly twice her age; a father, who thought she should always be at school, and, when there, an occasional bad mark, a badge of untidiness or ill-conduct hung round the throat—these things sufficed to present the fair creature as a youthful martyr. Shelley, at war with all laws, human and divine, sympathized wildly with the ill-used Harriet, and fed the flame of her discontent. And in time the natural result followed. He vowed to confound her cruel enemies, and "she did love him that he pitied her." She loved, and he did not love—perhaps enthusiastically pitied, we should say. After some time spent in growing wretchedness, with no relief but the pouring out, in letters to Shelley, of her disaffected condition, the tone of the correspondence became so desperate as to alarm the poet. The idea of suicide again cropped up in her letters—what other resource had she against the malice of her persecutors? Done into plain English, we suppose this malice was represented by the wish of her family that she should return to school, after the holidays, and finish her education. The ignorant and impassioned child appealed hereupon to Shelley, who had broken with all his own "pastors and

masters ;" she urged her misery and uselessness as grounds for suicide, and wound up with the well-worn lament that she had "no one to love." Alarmed at her expressions Shelley came to London, saw her again, found, to his surprise, that she was deeply in love with him, and began seriously to debate whether he should marry her or not. It seemed the only plan to extricate her from her father's authority. The poet was rather shaken in his anti-matrimonial prejudices at this point in his career. The affair of Hogg and Elizabeth was not forgotten. Yet it was apparently a struggle. "Godwin," he says, in a letter to Hogg, "considers marriage *detestable*," and at the time of his difference with his sister on this point, Shelley had said that marriage was "the most horrible of all the means which the world has had recourse to to bind the noble to itself"—he had quoted the cheap sentiment, "Laws are not made for men of honor." No! we agree to that, when we have proved and known your "honorable men." Still, the fact remains, that this young couple eloped, and were married at the Register House, Edinburgh, on August 28, 1811, with such ceremony as Scotch law demanded. Now, Shelley had an interesting friend, for whom he had a boyish admiration, dating some time back, in the person of Miss Hitchener, the mistress of a school at Hurstpierpoint, Sussex. This lady shared his advanced views—for the rest, was not young nor handsome, nor particularly agreeable. To her the young husband wrote, in the autumn following his marriage. Of Harriet he says: "Her letters become more and more gloomy. At length she assumed a tone of such despair as induced me to quit Wales precipitately. . . . I was shocked at the alteration in her looks. Little did I guess its cause—she had become deeply attached to me. . . . I proposed marriage, for the reason which I have given you, and she complied. Blame me, if thou wilt, dearest friend—for *still* thou art dearest to me. . . . If Harriet be not at sixteen all that you are at a more advanced age, assist me to mould a really noble soul into all that can make its nobleness useful and lovely."

It is, perhaps, not surprising that, fortified by this encouragement, Miss Hitchener supplemented her wedding felicitations by making love to the poet herself. And Shelley replied in that most false phraseology which substitutes "the union of minds—the love of a soul for a soul," and such expressions, for the out-

spoken utterances of passion. With Miss Hitchener as "the sister of his soul," and Thomas Jefferson Hogg, the man of loose morals and flippant mind, as "the brother of his soul"—while the hapless Harriet was only his wife—how could happiness result? Shelley wrote to Miss Hitchener in his first year of married life: "Were it not for the dear friend whose happiness I so much prize, which at some future period I may perhaps constitute, . . . I might have slept in peace." Shelley's ideals held their ground for very short periods, and their brightness was succeeded by revulsion and disgust. This was an unfavorable temperament for the higher exhibition of married faith. The poet caught at each new attraction as a child might grasp at fireflies, and almost as innocently. These, however, when caught and retained till daylight, are reviled as ugly, ill-shaped insects. Shelley married Harriet, believing her driven to despair by injustice, and by want of love. (We are bound to admit that the inexperienced girl threw herself on his protection.) He feared her being driven to suicide from these very causes. In the end Harriet experienced the actual ills of which the shadows had so terrified her—*injustice* and *want of love*—and, when fairly confronted with them, she did as she had threatened, namely, after the marriage, sought her desperate remedy in real earnest.

Such the justice meted out by the young apostle of freedom and right! It was not long before Miss Hitchener—whom Dr. Dowden calls the "republican schoolmistress"—was living with the young married pair. But a few months of closer intimacy transformed Shelley's enthusiasm for her into a most lively disgust. The rapid metamorphosis overtook her, which was apt to overtake all the poet's cherished human ideals. Life in her presence and atmosphere was impossible. She must go. And go she did, but not before the unhappy young wife had learned the taste of doubt, and the possibility of hopeless misery. Miss Hitchener at length retired. She had fallen from the lofty eminence. No longer called "Portia" by an adoring young poet as beautiful as Eros, she was styled the "Brown Demon," and Shelley actually offered her £100 a year as an annuity if she would go. In November, 1812, she departed, and was alluded to afterwards by her quondam admirer as "our late tormentor and schoolmistress."

"What," says he, a little later, "what

would Hell be—were such a woman in Heaven?"

Neither Shelley nor Harriet was more than a child in many ways. Yet children have griefs, have, alas! passions; children suffer, children inflict intensest pain.

Shelley's idea seems ever to have been to group together several women who should produce a harmonious *mise en scène*, wherein he might disport himself as his nature should dictate. He disregarded all ulterior consequences, equally with the possible effect the elements thus brought together might have on each other. Eliza Westbrook soon became to him as odious as did the "Brown Demon." He spoke of her as "a blind and loathsome worm," and failed to dissociate her image from that of his fair young wife, who, as Dr. Dowden says, entered a room "like the spirit of a spring morning." In June, 1813, Harriet gave birth to a little daughter, named by the poet Ianthe, or "violet-flower." Harriet was motherly, and in a letter to Mrs. Nugent, of Dublin, some months later, wrote: "I wish you could see my sweet babe; she is so fair, with such sweet blue eyes, that the more I see her the more beautiful she looks." We do not fancy Shelley in the paternal character, yet Thomas Love Peacock, his friend and Harriet's chief advocate, says that he was "extremely fond of his first child." He certainly hushed it to sleep with strange and uncouth sounds. He was probably more passionately attached to the children of his second marriage, but with these we are not here concerned.

The autumn of 1813 found the Shelleys travelling northwards. From Edinburgh Harriet writes to her friend Mrs. Nugent, and we give the letter; the date is October 20th.

My dear Mrs. Nugent, — My last letter was written from the lakes of Cumberland, where we intended to stay till next spring; but, not finding any house that would suit us, we came on to this far-famed city. A little more than two years has passed since I made my first visit here to be united to Mr. Shelley. To me they have been the happiest and the longest years of my life. The rapid succession of events since that time makes the two years appear unusually long. . . . When I look back to the time before I was married, I seem to feel that I have lived a long time. Though my age is but eighteen, yet I feel as if I was much older. Why are you so silent, my dear friend? I earnestly hope you are not ill. I am afraid it is nearly a month since I heard from you. I know well you would write oftener if you could. What is your employment on a Sunday? I think, on those days

you might snatch a few minutes to gratify my wishes. . . . We think of remaining here all this winter. Though by no means fond of cities, yet I wished to come here, for, when we went to the lakes, we found such a set of human beings living there, that it took off all our desire of remaining among the mountains. This city is, I think, much the best. The people here are not so intolerant as they are in London. Literature stands on a higher footing here than anywhere else. My darling babe is quite well, and very much improved. Pray let me hear from you soon. Tell me if I can do anything for you. Mr. Shelley joins me and Eliza in kind regards to you, whilst I remain

Your affectionate friend,

H. S.

Do not tell any one where we are.

Already Harriet's childish ignorance and *insouciance* were giving way before inevitable uncertainty and apprehension.

It was on March 24, 1814, that Shelley married Harriet for the second time, in St. George's Church, London. It would seem that he now was really bound to her in every sense. Yet was his life manifestly reaching out in other directions. Supposing that Harriet maintained such place in his heart as had ever been possible for her, supposing even that for some time after marriage she had improved her position with him, it is nevertheless certain that, very soon after this second marriage ceremony, Shelley was deeply interested in another feminine "group."

The cottage of High Elms, Bracknell, where the poet lived, was near the house of Mrs. Boinville, the venerable and admiring lady, with her attendant satellites. This house was a second paradise to the poet, and one from which he was only driven by a fiery sword. For there were claims on him which did not leave him absolutely free to enjoy "the celestial manna of high sentiment" with that group of whom the white-haired Mrs. Boinville was chief prophetess dispensing potent magic in her teacups. Mrs. Newton, her sister, with the fair Cornelia Turner made up the circle, all mysterious, all unorthodox, all exalted in aim and opinion. Truly Shelley was, as he said, "translated to paradise," but it was an Eden with several "Eves!" It is true he had written charming lines on his sweet babe, and on Harriet, of whom he still spoke as *the partner of his thoughts and feelings*; but as a fact, his thoughts were fettered to the Boinville household. He needed *relays* of feminine influences. Having given Harriet the religious marriage, perhaps the poet thought her now finally provided

for, and was at ease among Platonics and Italian poetry.

In April of that year the poet wrote his mysterious stanzas, which Dr. Dowden aptly terms "a fantasia of sorrow." He bewails "the music of two voices, and the light of one sweet smile." The return to Bracknell so soon after his ecclesiastical marriage with Harriet seems to have been, indeed, the forerunner of increased discomfort and separation. The marriage relation was too severely strained, and the month of May, 1814, seems to have been spent in attempts on Shelley's part to reconcile his now alienated wife to himself again. Harriet must have realized that, although unable to go into ecstasies over Wieland's "Agathon," she was at least a woman, a mother. She could love; she could be jealous; she could hate. Her simple iterated song of three notes was drowned in a Wagnerian storm of wild and unmeasured dissonance. And when the poet turned to her now, the angry wife could not and would not forgive him.

The thread of this sad narrative is not easy to follow; but Harriet had withdrawn in alienation from her husband, and in July she was certainly living in Bath. The misunderstanding was probably not regarded by her as a perfectly hopeless and final one. What cannot a woman forgive a man she loves? And her extreme youth must be remembered. Her conduct must not be canvassed as are the arts and wiles of an accomplished woman of the world. Men rarely can credit or allow for the amazing ignorance and innocence of young girls, and, from the first, Harriet had displayed these qualities. Though Shelley had always informed her that he thought lightly of the marriage vow, the words would convey little idea to her, and it cannot be expected that she could estimate the logical effect, on his moral conduct, of Godwin's pernicious doctrines; still less could she foreknow the peculiarities of the poetic temperament. While we admit that Shelley had been at first drawn into the fatal friendship by Eliza, the elder sister, and that he was ready to disclaim any mere affection for Harriet as an over-mastering element in his conduct, we yet feel that Harriet received hard measure at his hands. Young as he was, his knowledge immensely exceeded hers. Her obduracy at the time of their separation cost her dear. For, added to the hopelessness of reconciliation with her, the poet now cherished suspicions of her fidelity, which grew rapidly into proportions substantial enough for his excitable tem-

perament, and left him defenceless against the new influence which assailed him at this very time. For it was now that the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft first crossed his path.

We know how suddenly and how strongly these two natures went forth each to the other, at first without the hope of any closer union, and justly so; for Shelley was a husband, his wife a prey to the strife of conflicting passions, and not at all contemplating a final separation from him. We feel that Godwin played a somewhat disingenuous part in the tragedy of these three young lives. For *he* had a motive in believing Harriet to be unworthy, and certainly he did not scruple to present her conduct in the worst light. Could he have separated Mary, his daughter, from Shelley, he might have felt no *animus* against Harriet; but *not* being able to separate the lovers, it was his interest to weaken the tie between Shelley and his first wife; thus we place little faith in any of his statements.

Shelley did not wait to assure himself with certainty as to Harriet's actual misconduct, but, coupling his suspicions with her attitude of harsh alienation, was naturally ready to believe himself morally emancipated from all tie to her—all tie which should bind his affections. For he still proposed to be friendly, and careful for her welfare. Strange and incomprehensible this blindness on his part; utter, though possibly not uncommon, ignorance of woman's nature! Peacock says: "I feel it due to the memory of Harriet to state my most decided conviction, that her conduct as a wife was as pure, as true, as absolutely faultless, as that of any who, for such conduct, are held most in honor." And those friends who knew the Shelleys all concur in this testimony.

At this time of anguish the young wife fell ill, and came at much risk of health to London, at Shelley's request. The details of what followed are not completely known to us. The birth of a child was looked for in December, and the revulsion of feeling on the young woman's part was naturally very terrible. Forced now to consider all at an end between herself and her husband, the girl was adrift. Knowing that Shelley could not legally contract a second marriage at this time, Harriet may not unreasonably have looked for some reconciliation at a later date; and possibly it was in this belief that she temporized with him, now when he was about to leave her forever. He certainly took legal advice, and directed money arrangements to be made

to meet her necessities. And on July 28, he was on his way to the Continent, with Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin — whose half-sister, Jane Clairmont, was a companion in the flight.

On August 13, Shelley wrote to Harriet with ease and frankness, dating from Troyes, where the party had rested on the way to Switzerland. He says: "I write to show you that I do not forget you; I urge you to come to Switzerland, where you will at least find one firm and constant friend, to whom your interests will always be dear — by whom your feelings will never wilfully be injured. From none can you expect this but me."

We feel that Harriet deserves pity. At this time we quote extracts from a letter of hers to Mrs. Nugent, dated August 25, 1814.

23 Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square.

My dear Mrs. Nugent, — I am afraid you will think I am not sincere, when I tell you what pleasure the sight of your handwriting caused me. . . . Mr. Shelley is in France. You will be surprised to find I am not with him; but times are altered, my dear friend, and though I will not tell you what has passed, still, do not think that you cloud my mind with your sorrows. Every age has its cares. God knows I have mine. Dear Ianthe is quite well. She is fourteen months old, and has six teeth. What I should have done without this dear babe and my sister I know not. This world is a scene of heavy trials to us all. I little expected ever to go through what I have. But time heals the deepest wounds, and for the sake of that sweet infant I hope to live many years. Write to me often, my dear friend; you know not what pleasure your letters give me. I wish you lived in England, that I might be near you. Tell me how you are in health. Do not despond; though I see nothing to hope for when all that was virtuous becomes vicious and depraved. So it is — nothing is certain in this world. I suppose there is another where those that have suffered keenly here will be happy. Tell me what you think of this! My sister is with me. I wish you knew her as well as I do. She is worthy of your love. Now, dear friend, may you still be happy is the first wish of

Your ever faithful friend,

H. SHELLEY.

Ianthe is well and very engaging.

The next letter we quote is dated November 20, 1814. Harriet writes in her anger: —

23 Chapel Street.

My dearest Mrs. Nugent, — Your fears are verified. Mr. Shelley has become profligate and sensual, owing entirely to Godwin's "Political Justice." The very great evil that book has done is not to be told. The false doctrines therein contained have poisoned

many a young and virtuous mind. Mr. Shelley is living with Mr. Godwin's two daughters — one by Mary Wollstonecraft, the other the daughter of his present wife, called Clairmont. I told you some time back Mr. S. was to give Godwin three thousand pounds. It was in effecting the accomplishment of this scheme that he was obliged to be at Godwin's house, and Mary was determined to seduce him. She is to blame. She heated his imagination by talking of her mother, and going to her grave with him every day, till at last she told him she was dying in love for him, accompanied by the most violent gestures and vehement expostulations. He thought of me and my sufferings, and begged her to get the better of a passion as degrading to him as herself. She then told him she would die — he had rejected her, and what appeared to her as the sublimest virtue was to him a crime. Why could we not all live together? I as his sister, *she* as his wife? He had the folly to believe this possible, and sent for me, then residing at Bath. You may suppose how I felt at this disclosure. I was laid up for a fortnight after. . . . He begged me to live. The doctors gave me over. They said 'twas impossible. I saw his despair, the agony of my beloved sister, and owing to the great strength of my constitution I lived, and here I am, my dear friend, waiting to bring another infant into this woful world. Next month I shall be confined. He will not be near me. No; he cares not for me now. He never asks after me, or sends me word how he is going on. In short, the man I once loved is dead. This is a vampire. His character is blasted forever. Nothing can save him now. Oh! if you knew what I have suffered, your heart would drop blood for my miseries. . . .

Adieu, my dear friend, may you be happy! is the best wish of her who sincerely loves you,

H. SHELLEY.

We cannot wonder at the bitterness and inaccuracy of this account of Shelley's position. The one main fact was *true* — he had deserted his wife and eloped with another.

The terrible pain and helplessness of Harriet's position caused the distorted words in which she blames *not her husband*, but his companion in flight. This injustice is easy to understand. In a succeeding letter to her friend, Harriet tells of the birth of her son, towards the end of November, 1814. The child was called Charles Bysshe, and died in 1826.

Harriet says, writing to Mrs. Nugent: "I have seen his father; he came to see me as soon as he knew of the event; but as for his tenderness for me, none remains. He said he was glad it was a boy, because he would make money cheaper. You see how that noble soul is debased. Money now, and not philosophy, is the grand

spring of his actions. Indeed, the pure and enlightened philosophy he once delighted in has flown. He is no longer that pure and good thing he once was, nor can he ever retrieve himself."

These sad words describe Harriet's broken ideals. There is yet one letter remaining, of later date, and also to Mrs. Nugent. The date is January 24, 1815.

My dear Mrs. Nugent, — I am sorry to tell you my poor little boy has been very ill. He is better now, and the first spare time I devote to you. Why will you not come to England, my dear friend, and stay with me? I should be so happy to have you near me. I am truly miserable, my dear friend! I really see no termination to my sorrows. As to Mr. Shelley, I know nothing of him. He neither sends nor comes to see me. I am still at my father's, which is very wretched. When I shall quit this house I know not. Everything goes against me. I am weary of life. I am so restrained here, that life is scarcely worth living. How I wish you were here. What will you do, my dear Catherine? . . . Do now make up your mind at once to come and stay with me. I will do everything to make you happy. For myself happiness is fled. I live for others. At nineteen I could descend, a willing victim, to the tomb. How I wish those dear children had never been born! They stay my fleeting spirit, when it would be in another state. How many there are who shudder at death! I have been so near it that I feel no terrors. Mr. Shelley has much to answer for. He has been the cause of great misery to me and mine. I shall never live with him again. 'Tis impossible. I have been so deceived and cruelly treated that I can never forget it! Oh, no! with all the affections warm, a heart devoted to him — and then to be so cruelly blighted! Oh! Catherine, you do not know what it is to be left as I am, a prey to anguish, corroding sorrow, with a mind too sensitive to others' pain. But I will think no more. There is madness in thought. Could I look into futurity for a short time, how gladly would I pierce the veil of mystery that wraps my fate. Is it wrong, do you think, to put an end to one's sorrows? I often think of it — all is so gloomy and desolate. Shall I find repose in another world? Oh, grave, why do you not tell us what is beyond? Let me hear from you soon, my dear friend. Your letters make me more happy. Tell me about Ireland. You know I love the green Isle and all its natives. Eliza joins in kind love to you. I remain your sincere but unhappy friend,

H. SHELLEY.

Chapel Street.

Here we lose the thread of poor Harriet Shelley's wanderings. We cannot trace her path from the day when she wildly left her father's roof, to that November night in 1816 when she sought a final refuge in

death by drowning. The flood of her young despair overwhelmed her, and the tortured spirit sought rest.

A cloud of sorrow, of darkness deeper than sorrow, prevented the wanderer from returning to any earthly refuge. No light that way any more!

She had never truly lived — the promises seemed all unfulfilled. Belief was shattered and gone.

ANNIE E. IRELAND.

From All The Year Round.

SKETCHES IN THE SCILLIES.

AT Penzance the other day I asked casually about the Scilly Islands, as if they were a sort of St. Kilda, inhabited by people absurdly superstitious in the matter of influenza, and dependent rather upon the courtesy of passing ships than upon trade and their own fertility. I could not more lamentably have displayed my ignorance.

"Why, sir, they be as nice and kind a folk as you'd like to see," exclaimed the Newlyn fisherman whom I accosted on the subject.

"And are there hotels?"

"Indeed and there be. But don't you go to any such ridiculous places as them. I've heard say they make you pay one-and-six just for the waiting — every day, you mind. And the rest in the same way. Tell me, sir, have you a mind to go to they?"

"To they?"

"To them there islands, sir?"

"Well, I really don't know; it is quite possible."

"Very good. Then I'll just write down the name of an honest man whose house you shall go to, and he and his missus will be as proud of you as can be, and stuff you with clotted cream."

"Oh, as for that, I do not care so much for clotted cream."

"And the best fish in the market, sir."

"Well, well —"

To cut our talk short, I accepted the old fellow's scrap of paper, and went on my way.

The next day at three o'clock I went aboard the *Lady of the Isles*, and in four hours I was set ashore at St. Mary's, the chief town of the Scillies, in a gale of wind so strong that I had to clutch my hat to keep it from careering in front of me.

It had not been at all a nice passage. The boat is a little one, with insufficient

accommodation for passengers. Most of what space was at our disposal was equally at the disposal of a number of fish-buyers, with hundreds of stale fish-baskets. From these proceeded a perfume which was not sweet.

Then the sea was distinctly choppy, and the little steamer pitched desperately. In fact, nearly every one was ill, and we did not feel much affection towards the low, black rocks which at about seven o'clock began to declare themselves before us, behind, and in the midst of the uproarious south-western sea.

For the first night I did not heed my Newlyn friend's introduction, especially as it was addressed to a native of one of the other islands. Not for a considerable bribe would I have crossed the three miles of waterway which kept me aloof from his house; nor would the St. Mary's boatmen have undertaken the task with such weather in their teeth — or at least not without an expensive stipulation.

A crowd of blue-jerseyed Scillonian fisherfolk and two or three visitors met us on the pier, with critical expressions in their eyes. It is so charming to stand on firm land and behold the sallow faces of the seasick. That, at any rate, is what they seemed to be saying within them. And a man must be philosophic to the crown of his head if he can endure this sort of thing without a feeling of irritation.

In two minutes, however, I was in a little avenue of diminutive palm-trees beyond a high iron gate, and with the cheerful lights of an hotel in front. It is a cosy house, this of Tregarthen's, and none the worse for its low rooms and cramped passages. For a good many years it was the property of one Captain Tregarthen, who for long had charge of the steamer plying between Penzance and the isles. But now he has retired to the churchyard, and his daughters reign in his stead. Tregarthen's is a byword in Scilly. It calls up in Scillonian mind a picture of a hale, genial old seaman, in whom sociability was strongly developed.

There were four guests here, all as red as turkey-cocks. They were delighted with the island; everything, from the garden to the clotted cream, was admirable. They had had the most charming weather, and now their holiday was at an end.

The next day saw the last of them in Scilly. They travelled back in the storm, which still held, and if the captain of the *Lady of the Isles* may be credited, they are not likely soon to forget their passage.

This first day also I stayed in St. Mary's, and also another day. It was furious weather. I could not move out without being pelted by rain-storms; and on the southern coast the sea ran scores of feet high. For a while I enjoyed the spectacle of Pellinius Head and Porthellick Bay — sometimes called Hell Bay — with their squadrons of waves roaring upon the rocks; but it grew tiresome after a while.

The little harbor of the town was thick with luggers, all huddled together out of the way of the wind. Now and again another would come in sight, between the Isle of Samson or Tresco and St. Mary's, and, after much jostling, creep into smooth water, and drop her anchor rejoicing.

In the streets of the little town fishermen from Cornwall lolled about with the Scilly fishermen at the street corners, or looked forth periodically from the door of the Atlantic public-house to see if the breeze was abating. But it did not abate for about sixty hours, until, in fact, I among others had grown out of patience with it. I wanted to see the islands across the water, and wanted also to set foot on them. But the storm haze was so thick, that it hid them wholly; and the satisfaction I could get upon the gorsy downs of St. Mary's was not enough to content me.

During this time of detention I walked round and across the large island more than once. It is about eight miles in circumference. The surface is broken, though not excessively. Nowhere does the land reach two hundred feet in elevation. Here and there farmsteads nestle in the depressions, with such shelter of orchards and hedges as fifty or a hundred years' growth affords them. Until I saw these trees, I might have fancied myself in the bleak, treeless isles of the Faroes. But in Faroe they cannot rear anything of the kind to a greater height than two or three feet. Nor do they dream of the acres of daffodils and narcissi, not to mention arum lilies, which here add considerably to the profit of island farming.

The island has only twelve or thirteen hundred inhabitants. Most of these live in the little capital, and their neat, white-washed houses, with gardens in front of them, tell of the civilized spirit within them. But the remotest farms are fully as interesting as the town. These are generally in the possession of families established here many a day, hard-working, keen-witted people, with a good deal of originality about them.

The stranger who does not mind facing

the farm dogs may almost be sure of a rough sort of welcome in these houses. One day I ate bread and cream with the lady of the house and drank milk, at her invitation, while she told me of the storms of the past winter, and the snow of March which had come to startle the children, so unused to such a visitation. There was a dense hedge of *esculonia macrantha* close to the window outside, and short, sturdy apple-trees also in hearty bloom. But spite of this buttress the gale bellowed into the old farm and made dolorous music in the passages. My hostess, however, gabbled on about the weather and the crops, unheeding the riot. She had done well with flowers that spring. Covent Garden and the manufacturing towns of the Midlands and the North seem to have an inexhaustible appetite for the narcissi and lilies of these little islands.

Spite of the storm, too, the Lady of the Isles went to and fro with fish and fish-baskets, and also took a good cargo of flowers to the mainland. Thursday is the great day of export for the daffodils and narcissi. The growers arrive early in the morning, from the country and the other islands, with their various boxes and postal parcels. In the window of the bookseller's shop in the first square of the town there is a telegram from Birmingham or Covent Garden, with the market quotations for the flowers. Here the men collect, and reckon up the worth of their merchandise. Not infrequently from a single homestead ten pounds' value of narcissi goes off in a single day. They reach the markets fresh on Friday afternoon, in readiness for the Saturday sale.

On the second day of the storm there was a festival in St. Mary's. Children dressed in daffodils and girdled with lilies assembled in the town; and the fishermen and their long-limbed boys formed a loose circle round about them. The children went from house to house, singing old-time songs, and blushing strenuously from their conspicuousness. They came also to the hotel, where they beautified the little palm avenue, and enjoyed the refreshment with which we regaled them.

I think I got the most lusty impressions of the Scillies during this time by periodically climbing the hill behind the hotel, and looking north and south from its summit. It is not much of a climb; one hundred and twenty-eight feet above the sea-level only. But the wind tore over the hill as if it were in the very course of a hurricane. Hereon, too, is the old fort of Scilly, which was built in the reign of

Queen Elizabeth. It does one good to see such a stout little bit of work; and no doubt it was well able to give an account of itself to any Spanish ship which came within range of its guns. The lower headlands also are fortified; though truly the tongues of granite which run from them are as terrible to ships as many guns.

On this hill is a signal tower, set in the heart of the rabbit-haunted gorse. The wind shrieked about it, as if it longed to tear it away, root and crop. But there is little jerry-built work in Scilly, and it will weather many a worse storm than this.

Twice or thrice there was a break in the haze, when I was fighting my way amid the fortifications of Garrison Hill. I saw as far as Agnes in one direction, and Samson, Bryher, and Tresco in another direction. But the spectacle was not soothing. Under the murky sky the faint outlines of the islands took strange shape, and I could have fancied they were so many fabulous krakens speeding towards the devoted town of St. Mary's.

At night, however, ever and anon the glare of the lamp of the Agnes lighthouse shone through the gloom. There was also a slip of a moon, which the clouds alternately hid and exposed. A wild sea for them both to illumine provided me with a sufficiently strong picture to take to my bed.

Although it was mid May, I sat by a fire of coals in my hotel room in the evening, when, having dined, I was alone with my reflections and such literature as I could find. It seemed unnatural for Scilly, seeing that here the winter temperature is not so very much below that of Nice, with much less violent mutations. But the Misses Tregarthen did not pretend to apologize for their native climate. The snow of March last had broken local faith in the weather. It was possible that the islands might run out of coal, seeing that they do not usually reckon to have more than a steamer load or two in the autumn, direct from Cardiff. This suffices for ordinary winters. I expected to find the stuff as dear here as in London. But it was only about twenty-four shillings a ton, all told, though of somewhat indifferent quality. When I mentioned the peat on their hills as a possible resource of fuel, the idea was received with due honor as a welcome novelty.

But all things and events come to an end with time; and so, on the third day, I awoke to find the sea from my bedroom window only just throbbing under the effects of its late perturbation. It was a

lovely morning, with more blue sky than cloud above, and yet enough of the latter to enamel the island shapes with their fleeting purple shadows.

Straightway went I to my boatman, and bade him get ready to take me to Agnes. But he met me, poor fellow, with a long face.

He had been requisitioned by the coroner to carry him across in state to "sit upon a corpse," which had come ashore in the night. It was not a piece of work he cared about, especially as it entailed the duties of undertaker and sexton also. But there was no help for it. These are the kinds of unexpected "jobs" which are constantly exacting attention in the Scillies. One day it is a wreck; there will be rocket play, some heroic efforts made, and a week later the crown authorities are busy with their salvage accounts. This is excellent for the crown. But when the dead drift up from the sea, the crown does not think of paying for the expense of their interment. Oh dear, no! It is concerned with the living, not the dead. The islanders themselves must bear the expense. And so they do, though they feel under no compulsion not to grumble mightily when they pay the levies for the purpose. The crown takes the ha'pence, and the islanders get the kicks of the fickle Atlantic.

Nevertheless, I reached Agnes easily enough. Another boatman, with his boys, Charlie and Tom, carried me across the Sound deftly in the teeth of a strong tide. It is only a couple of miles, but they are sometimes difficult miles to get through. There are also snags in the way, which at low water are dangerous to small boats as well as great ships.

Agnes, or Hagness, as it was called in the reign of Richard the First, is about four miles in circumference, with a rugged coast, which on its southern side is more than rugged. Its population is under a hundred and fifty. The people grow potatoes and flowers, and keep cows and poultry. These, with the fish of the sea, are, I suppose, a sufficiency of the raw material for a livelihood.

This is the worst island of the five inhabited ones of the Scillies for wrecks. The black reefs south and west of it have been the death of hundreds of ships. Seen from the gorse of Agnes, they are mere jagged points in the Atlantic. On a calm day they do not appear so very ferocious, though even then there is like to be a girdle of surf round them. But one may imagine how different it is in a tear-

ing south-wester, and in a mist which hides the light of Agnes, as well as the more distant lamps of the Bishop.

I was much impressed by the ship fragments which lay about the granite rocks of the Bay of St. Warna, here in Agnes. They told me their history, which was, of course, mere disaster, with details more or less appalling. The lighthouse keeper also sighed as he talked of the terrors of the Archipelago.

In the old days, it is said, the Hagness islanders prayed by a certain well in the strand of this bay. They besought St. Warna—a holy personage of whom I know nothing more—that she would send them plenty of wrecks. I imagine she has never been loth to humor them. The well still exists, though it has been filled up by the more virtuous moderns of Agnes. I sat by it and looked out upon the blue, hearty sea, when I had dispossessed some sheep of the adjacent turf. But though I conjured St. Warna to tell me a little about herself, she declined to oblige me. The blue waves broke upon the blackened boulders, and cast their spray inland, and the gulls shrieked as if they yearned for another storm.

Hence, from the higher ground, I gazed, too, at the Bishop lighthouse, about four miles distant. This is a wonderful construction, about thirty years old. The four men who have it in charge cannot stretch their legs, except on a narrow balcony, over which the sea often breaks with mighty force. It is no joke to journey to the rock upon which it stands, and it is perilous to attempt to land inside the lighthouse. Provisions and men go up by pulley, and, as may be supposed, accidents frequently happen.

For three months at a time the Bishop lighthousemen keep on duty. Then they get four weeks' leave, and well they must appreciate it. I regret I did not accept an offer of escort to this lighthouse; a relief boat happened to be going thither the day I was on Agnes. I should then have been able to say whether the four lightmen were whist-players. But even if they were, the succession of day and night duty would necessarily interfere with the propriety of the game.

Grim needle rocks seem to me the chief feature of the most significant part of Agnes.

There is no hotel on this island. I ate a painful luncheon of bread and cream, with a glass of skimmed milk, in the house of one of the oldest inhabitants. Unfortunately, the master was away, and his

poor wife, whom I petitioned, was so very deaf that it cost me all my appetite to give her a hint of my wishes. Naturally, she was flustered by a visitor; and yet it was not altogether my fault, for I had been recommended to her.

This same house keeps a supply of brandy, to be administered only in case of strict need. There is no license to sell strong drink here. One can fancy that now and then, after a more than common wrestle with the sea, an Agnes man may be excused if he pleads a masterful colic as a pretext for a thimbleful of cognac.

In the main, though, no doubt, the restriction works well in the lesser isles. The people are sober, hardworking, and well-to-do. They have a surprising number of pounds in the banks, and every year, thanks to the flower industry, they add to their savings.

In the evening we returned to St. Mary's again, with the tide against us. The sun set rosily in the west, and ere I went to bed, there was an enchanting streak of moonlight on the placid water between St. Mary's and Tresco, where I hoped to be ere another twenty-four hours had sped.

I was not this night, as heretofore, heedful to keep my candle from glimmering upon an ill-done picture of a wreck on the wall above my chest of drawers. It seemed to me I had got into the midst of the brighter moods of the Scillies, and I meant to make the most of them.

With a wind three-quarters astern, we had nothing to grumble about the next morning when we set out for Tresco—the island upon which Colonel Smith, the Lord of the Isles, has his residence. It was rather a light breeze than a wind; but it served our purpose famously. The little boat made but one tack, and we ran into the green shallows in the middle bend of Samson, and I was able to leap ashore.

Samson is the nearest large island to St. Mary's, though large may only be applied relatively to an island but one hundred and fifty acres in area. From St. Mary's it looks quite pretty, being shaped rather like an egg-boiler, if you can imagine it laid on its side. Its waist is pinched so tightly that were the land here not several feet above the sea-level, one may be sure the Atlantic would soon cut through it and turn the island into two. Each of the extremities is a hill, granite rocks one upon another, with ferns, and gorse, and heather, and grass among the rocks. A few sheep and cows are the sole residents in Samson.

Fifty years ago this island had thirty inhabitants. Their houses still stand to witness for them; stout little buildings of granite, well sheltered against the wind. But when the Archipelago was leased by the first of the family who still holds it, this gentleman made divers radical changes in the social and other conditions of the islands; and among other changes was the depopulation of Samson. The residents were transferred to one of the other larger islands, where their children might more readily be taught their letters, and they might be within easy reach of a church.

It cannot have been a heart-breaking business, this compulsory migration from Samson. We do not hear that the people revolted against the decree. Probably they were as ready to leave the forlorn little island as the governor could wish.

Yet in the old times Samson must have been thought worth human notice. Its northern extremity has a group of fine barrows or ancient tombs, not matched for their condition by any others in the isles. Certain human remains found in 1862 in one of the barrows prove that they had been subjected to partial cremation. One can only conjecture about the origin of these early inhabitants. They may have been many centuries antecedent to the Cornish Celts of the period of the Roman conquest.

Passing from Samson, we caught a breeze which soon took us across to Bryher, the next island. Luckily the tide was high, or we might have stranded fast in the passage. During exceptional tides, the water is so shallow between several of the isles that it may be forded about knee deep.

Bryher is a much more lively island than Samson. It is about three miles round, with a very diversified coast-line. In places, as at Shipman Head, in the north, it is as cold and repellent for vessels as Pellinius itself. Elsewhere its shores are flat and winding, and so double upon each other that from above they look like the boundaries of two or three petty lagoons. The little white-faced cottages studded about the green meadows by the waterside look very tranquil and charming.

Not so, however, are the islets to the north-west of this pleasant little cove. Some of these are very bold, especially Maiden Bower, upon which the crags are piled in the form of a castle. Even on this comparatively quiet day, the Atlantic heaved into surf against the granite bases of these rocks; and small assurance was

requisite to make one realize their terrors for ships during a night of storm and fog.

It was in this part of the Archipelago that in December, 1885, an American steamer got ashore in the night. Fortunately her crew were all saved. But of her cargo no fewer than one hundred and thirty-three dead bullocks were washed up on to the islands to distress the Scillonians. It would not have mattered so much if they had been in eatable condition. As it was, they were only fit to be buried out of sight with all speed; and this had to be done at the cost of about a sovereign apiece, which the islanders themselves had to bear.

Since then some slight improvement has been made in the management of such matters. When the islanders can ascertain the name of the owners of the vessel which thus — though involuntarily — puts them to so much inconvenience, they make a claim upon them. One may suppose that it is a claim that will be resisted in many cases; but when salvage is at hand as a sort of pledge, with the aid of the crown they may, to a certain extent, if not altogether, enforce their claim.

About a hundred people get a livelihood on Bryher. They do not, I fancy, work very hard, except when they are out at sea. I found most of them idling in their little crafts, with their hands in their pockets. A visitor was something to be stared at. One little boy who was flying a kite — apparently as much for the diversion of his elders as himself — was so startled that he forgot his toy, which suddenly turned tail upwards and shot down at his feet.

Bryher has a little church of its own, which dates from 1742. It is a thick-walled, square-towered little building, to the eye quite devoid of sentiment. But its nearness to the sea must at times make service a difficulty in it. There is a sounding-board over its pulpit, which is no doubt necessary during a winter's gale. Of ornament there is here hardly any. The floor is slated, and the simple pews are slate-colored. A surplice hanging in the little vestry was the sole relic of humanity present. There is no resident clergyman, the minister of Tresco crossing for one service on Sundays.

I like to mark the local tone of the epitaphs upon the tombstones in churchyards like this of All Saints', Bryher. The allusions to the sea and the storms are homely, eloquent touches, which appeal as much to the stranger as to the residents

themselves. Take this, for example, over a man of ninety-six: —

Though I've been where billows roar,
Still, by God's help, I'm safe on shore;
And now I'm here among the fleet,
Waiting for Jesus Christ to meet.

One might be disposed to cavil at the word "fleet" as applied to this old gentleman of Bryher. He, at any rate, seems to have been in no hurry to quit this mortal sphere. But there is no knowing exactly how he meant it to be taken. As a marine rhyme only may it have attracted him.

Here is another on the same subject, which, somewhat varied, I found in the other churchyards of the islands also: —

Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Outflying the tempest and wind.

Is there not a brevity and pictorial force here that is almost remarkable? To me it seems so.

It must not, however, be supposed that all the islanders live to anything like the age of the above-mentioned native of Bryher. Many of them are drowned at sea — not necessarily in their own waters, but as sailors in the world's craft. And very many die young, unable to take kindly to the wind and the salt sea. Here, as in other places to which invalids are advised to go for their health, the number of deaths "from decline" seems solidly to discountenance the idea that there is as much benefit in mild air as doctors affirm. But it is possible change of air might have saved them, even as it saves others.

I walked all over Bryher, and found Hell Bay, at the north, almost worthy of its name. Nothing can be more formidable to ships than these needle-pointed rocks running into the Atlantic like rows of teeth, half hid. The wonder is that when a ship strikes on the Scillies she does not invariably get torn to pieces long ere there is a chance of safety for the men on board. It was near Hell Bay that, during the night of July the twenty-seventh, 1879, a ship was caught by the rocks; and, almost in the same hour, another vessel came to grief by the island of Agnes.

If ever a land ought to inspire an elegy, these rocks of the Scillies ought. For my part, I do not think I would live on them for the offer of a considerable income without any exertion. I should be prone to feel like a live man in a charnel-house, to which new corpses were being brought every day.

Ten minutes was enough time to bring me across from Bryher to Tresco, in the port of New Grimsby, midway in the length of the island. It is a bright little channel this, between Bryher and Tresco, with an old castle-tower on one side of it and a bold rock, with a romantic name—Hangman's Isle—midway in it.

The strong color of the gorse on Tresco, and the cluster of its houses, made me expect great things from this island, both in beauty and human animation; nor do I think I can say that I was disappointed.

First it behoved me to get domiciled for the nights and days. My Cornish friend's introduction was at length likely to be of some service. Shouldering my little knapsack, I climbed the ridge which, here at the waist of the island as usual, separates the one shore from the other; and in a quarter of an hour, I was upon the other side of Tresco in Old Grimsby, with an entirely novel outlook.

It was soon settled. The house was not yet in its summer trim, but if I did not mind that, I should be received. Of luxuries, too, I was given to understand that I must expect none. But I had not come to Tresco for high feeding, and so that obstacle also fell away.

I was received as a guest by a certain fisherman, whose boat, the Black Jane, lay high and dry by the roadside against the house. The Black Jane—I don't know why she was black, poor thing—had hurt her ribs badly, and the carpenter was inspecting her with his hand to his chin. He thought her constitution was so much affected that a long rest alone could put her to rights, with doses of tar, and new caulking, and patches here and there in the mean time. If I wished to visit the eastern island so well in view from the house, I should have to hire another boat. It would probably be the death of the Black Jane and me if I put her to the task.

My hostess was kind, and with all speed gave me a luncheon of tea and fried fish. I left the matter to her, and that is what she thought I should like. It was not what I should have chosen, but I laughed over the tea and fish, and said I would be content to live on tea and fish for a year. Whereupon I was promised something better in the evening, after which I went out to inspect the fair isle of Tresco, and notably its famous gardens.

Tresco is barely half as large as St. Mary's, and with only about a quarter as many inhabitants. A hundred years ago it was as densely peopled as the large

island. That, however, was ere the expiry of the old leases, which had for long been granted, with periodical renewals, to the Duke of Leeds. The Scillies were not then looked after in the parental way to which from 1831 they have got accustomed. The duke left affairs in the hands of stewards, who were not always regardful of the well-being of the islanders. One of the most radical steps taken by Mr. Smith, the lessee, in 1831, was a partial depopulation of the isles in the interest of the isles. Hence, in great measure, the decline of the population of Tresco from four hundred and seventy in 1831 to a little over three hundred in 1891.

From Old Grimsby I climbed on to the central down of Tresco until I was almost neck-deep in gorse. In front was a massive granite obelisk on the highest part of the ridge, and the gardens of the Abbey were seen beyond and below—a dark mass of cool greenery between the hill and the sea.

The obelisk is erected to the memory of the late Mr. Smith. Hence the view of the isles is very comprehensive and almost beautiful. The Bishop lighthouse, some six miles south-west, looks dreadfully remote, and one is led to pity the poor fellows cooped up in it. If the day is calm, the scoring of black lines over the glistening surface of the Atlantic channels has a strange, fascinating appearance. You may then, and especially at low tide, count islets until you are confused by the number, or their involved proximity to each other.

A wicket led me into the Abbey gardens, and I was soon in sympathy with the praises which have been offered so freely to the skill of the various gardeners who have had this space at their disposal. I could have fancied myself in Florida or in Tenerife. The aloes and shapely palms ran in long avenues, and many a tropical flower burned like a flame in the shaded precincts. Tree-ferns, too, worthy of New Zealand, were here in nooks higher than one's head, and more than anything else might have made one doubtful of one's latitude.

But the gardener made no inordinate brag of his success. The luxuriance of our surroundings was due, of course, chiefly to the mild climate of the Scillies in general, and especially to the protected southern aspect of this part of Tresco.

To my mind even more impressive than these exotic plants, with their formidable battalions of thorns, was the dense cypress hedge to the carriage-road on the

other side of the gardens. A little gloomy it certainly is, but of its kind probably unique in the British Isles; and as I walked along the road, cuckoo after cuckoo was heard calling from the midst of the brake.

Beyond, on the farther side of the freshwater lake which helps to beautify the governor's residence, could be seen the methodical rows of daffodils and narcissi, fenced in with rushes and palings, which must, in Covent Garden and elsewhere, confer another kind of fame upon the Lord of the Isles. The governor is quick to profit with his tenants by the prevalent passion for flowers; and floriculture is now, after fish, the most important of the island industries.

As the day was still young, from the one end of Tresco I walked to the other, where the Atlantic throbbed unbrokenly from the north. Here the granite rocks, though not a hundred and fifty feet high, are very bold. The great waves of the great sea have worn long, deep gullies into the mass, and one may get a very passable thrill by peeping into them from the precipitous, almost overhanging edges.

This part of Tresco is primitive. In time to come it may be cultivated, but at present it is all rock and unbroken heath. Atlantic wreckage lies in a cumber among its shore boulders, and the imaginative man may conjure up grim visions of disaster in the winter nights of fog and strong north-east or north-west winds.

Thence I dropped towards the side of the island bordering upon Bryher, and so came to Cromwell's castle, with Hangman's Isle, a gunshot into the water. Cromwell himself never set foot in Scilly; but of course there was an echo of the great Rebellion here as elsewhere in the realm. His castle is, in truth, a strong little round tower, which might still be turned to good account. Its summit is battlemented, and its walls would stand the shock of the explosion of a big gun. But in all probability no enemies will ever try to make their way up this pretty little channel for the purpose of despoiling the isles. Such ships as do find themselves here soon wish they were elsewhere. On the beach of New Grimsby is one such. No lives were lost in this case; but the vessel is a wreck, and the Tresco lads amuse themselves by climbing its anchor chains to the deck, and thence descending into the hold, never more destined to carry merchandise through the Atlantic.

When the sun was near setting I returned to my cottage, and feasted soberly

to the ticking of several clocks. The tide was very low, and the strait between Tresco and St. Martin's, the most easterly of the large islands, was almost expunged. To this island of St. Martin's I determined to cross on the morrow. My landlady busied herself in securing for me a boatman and a boat that should be a good substitute for her own husband and the invalided Black Jane.

Another bright day rose with the lark, and confirmed me in my new belief that the Scillies are an enchanting little spot, with Elysian weather all the year round.

We set out betimes in a dead calm. Sails were not a bit of use. Going by Tean and St. Helen's, I landed on each of these islands—formerly inhabited, but now destitute like Samson. For my part, I should very much like to have a summer villa on one of them, between their granite humps. An artist would certainly find much food for his pencil here, what with the bright hues of the shallow sea, the bold crags, the old ruins on St. Helen's, the white bays, and the prospect of the other islands on all sides. But, of course, it could only be a fine-weather residence, and even at that it might now and then be dull.

St. Martin's is a long island, with a more bulky waist than the other chief islands. It has an area of five hundred and fourteen acres, and about one hundred and seventy inhabitants. Time was when it had nearly three hundred people; but was not as prosperous as it now is.

This little land sports three towns: Lower, Middle, and Higher. Middle Town consists of but three or four houses; and Lower Town is hardly larger. About the houses are the trim flower-beds, which tell of the island's wealth; and the bronzed men and lads may be seen attending to them early and late. Nor do they alone take charge of the exports of the island; the girls of the houses cut and trim and pack the flowers, and sweet is the perfume of the kitchen or outhouse in which such gentle work is done.

Here on St. Martin's I was nearly beginning an excavation which might have resulted in something archæologically great. The kindly farmer to whom I went for my stereotyped—and somewhat tiresome—luncheon of bread and clotted cream, with milk to drink, acted as cicerone over the island. We came to a ring of stones on the down above the house, and he told how he had it from his father that this was an ancient sepulchre. I was sceptical, and he proposed fetching pick

and shovel there and then. Nothing could have gratified me more. But alas! the more discreet voice of his wife put a stop to the business. Without the sanction of the Lord of the Isles, she reminded us, we had no right to dig for — minerals or corpses. But, indeed, there are barrows enough in the Scillies apart from this ring of stones.

For the rest, St. Martin's is like the other islands of the group. Its people are simple and kind, but far from fools. Of old they were great hands at smuggling; now they live at peace with all the world, and, I judge, their consciences also. If only the governor would let them have their farms on longer leases, I imagine they would be perfectly happy.

And so in the evening I returned to Tresco and my ticking clocks.

The succeeding days were but repetitions, more or less, of those that preceded them. When I wanted strong exercise and strong air, I went on to the north downs of Tresco, or took a boat and rowed into the Sound. On the other hand, when I merely desired sweet communion with nature, I strolled on to the gorse-ridge by the monument, and, with larks above me, looked my fill at the Archipelago mapped out beneath me. The Abbey gardens were a convenient compromise when my mood was neither one thing nor the other.

So the time sped, until one day I crossed back to St. Mary's, and that same morning went aboard the homeward-bound steamer in company with many mackerel and some flowers.

By this time the Scillies had become so endeared to me, that if I had been half as sentimental as Sterne I should have dropped a tear of regret at leaving them.

To tell the truth, however, there was a brisk south-wester blowing which did not allow me any moments for the exercise of such licensed hypocrisy.

Nevertheless, I am free to say that I hope to return to the Scillies some day — either as governor or simple tourist.

From Longman's Magazine.
WEST-NORTH-WEST.

THERE was a road leading out of the city as nearly as possible in that direction, which if you followed far enough — for seventy miles, in fact — you would come to the small town where my cousin Christopher lived, before his health broke

down and his father lost all his money in speculation. Chris had always been delicate, but no one thought very seriously of it, till he had this fearful illness when his life was despaired of; and though he recovered more or less, as consumptive people sometimes do, he only got better to find that his father was a bankrupt, and that he himself must work while he could, rather than be a burden on his family.

So, hearing of a young fellow in Merton — our great manufacturing city — who wanted a private tutor, Chris came to coach him and to board with us; for we were a large family, and mother said we could do it as cheaply for him as he would be likely to do it anywhere else, and put by something into the bargain. Not that we should have wanted to gain by having Chris, if we had had money enough of our own; but then we never had. There were so many of us, and father only earned 130*l.* a year; and mother was an invalid, and the lodgers were continually coming to grief in some way that compelled them to leave without settling their accounts. And the younger ones were still at school; and Bob only earned ten shillings a week, and Arthur had a scholarship at Oxford that was never enough to keep him, and Milly, our show-card, as we called her, would not take a situation, or do anything whatever but get engaged to one young man after another, each worse than the last. She really monopolized the drawing-room with having them to afternoon tea — which we could not afford. But it did not matter about the drawing-room, for that was horrible, with an old grand piano whose lid was loose, and with walls that crumbled and let the nails out, so that the brackets tumbled down on people's heads — but mother would have them put up again. And there was always a dreadful atmosphere of hearthrugs and old antimacassars. Then Harriet, our one servant, had no time to dust, and I could only dust the drawing-room properly once a week; there were so many other things to do, and the soot was so trying. There could be no place on the earth grimmer than Merton. We had the chimneys swept as often as we could afford it; but it seemed to me that other people never swept theirs at all, and as soon as the windows were opened the soot came in, darkening the air like the plague of locusts, and settling down over everything that was just scrubbed clean, till one felt as if one could lie down and die. The fogs were full of it — you never saw such substantial fogs. Chris said once that they were meat and drink

to him; and they happened every other day. And what with soot, and fogs, and mother's neuralgia, and Milly's engagements, and a family of nine — life was not life; but it was still less existence. It was one long scramble.

I felt sorry beforehand for Chris, knowing how different things had been for him a year ago, when he did not know that he would never be strong again, or that his father had speculated away everything. I knew he was not accustomed to a house like ours, and I knew that if I did not look after him a little, nobody would. It seemed likely that Milly would not even flirt with him, because he was consumptive; at least, she had asked already whether it was catching, and said that it would be funereal to have him in the house. So I made his room as nice as I could — it was the attic next mine. It had not been repapered for years, because we said the walls were damp. They were not really, but we had no money. Still, it looked clean when I had done — I remember standing still, and watching a great flake of soot that was hovering in through the window, in an undecided way — and I even got some nasturtiums out of the back garden and put them in a vase. They were dingy, like everything else, but they looked green and yellow, and better than nothing.

I remember I had only just done when Chris came, and was shown into the drawing-room. Mother and Milly were there; mother had neuralgia and Milly had a cold; and though it was a warm day the fire was lit, and they were sitting over it, and would not have the window open. When I came down I found them all there, and mother was telling Chris about her neuralgia. He looked flushed just then, not like a person who could not live long, to me, and so bright and resolute. I liked his face very much; but I saw that the drawing-room was giving him a dreadful headache — and no wonder. So I ran down-stairs and made the tea.

Chris and I were friends directly. I don't know how it was, for I very seldom make friends, and all the young men who come to the house go straight to Milly like iron filings to a magnet. But it was different with Chris, because the drawing-room made his head ache, just as it did mine; and when we knew each other better we found that we liked the same things and people — though he knew far more than I did, and never grew bitter against any one, like me. He had such a fearless, friendly way with the world; and yet there

were only a very few people he altogether trusted and relied on; and I was one of them. I know he trusted me completely, or he would never have told me about Pauline.

Partly, indeed, I guessed it. For we fell into a way of going walks together on Saturday afternoons, when Chris had some spare time and I made it, and I found out that he liked this particular road — the road running west-north-west. It was such a stupid road. First it led through a long street of those miserable, thin grey houses that look like gravestones standing upright, and then came streets full of public houses, and wretched little sweet-shops with halfpenny ices, and tobacconists', and "Boots mended while you wait." Then there was a dismal triangular bit of common, with a fence on one side all over placards, and then a red brick, primitive chapel, and more respectable houses — till at last came real fields. You could not call it country where there were always cabbage-leaves and bits of broken pots, and clothes hung out to dry. But generally at this stage we turned back.

I soon concluded that it was the way to Chris's old home; but I guessed more than that. For people do not always like to walk in the direction of a particular place only because they have lived most of their life there. There must be something or some one there now that they like to fancy themselves nearer. And by and by, when Chris saw that I guessed, he told me the whole. There was very little of it, as he said cheerily.

It was just as I thought. The girl he loved had lived there, was living there still — and her name was Pauline. She was rich, he said, and very beautiful. He told me what she was like, and I could not help knowing that I should have loved her, that any one must have done. And Chris had lost everything at once — money, and health, and hope.

"It wouldn't have mattered about the money," said Chris, in his quaint way. "I would have asked her to wait for me, and worked my way up. It would have been a very good thing. But you can't ask a girl to wait for you when you find you have only one lung."

He laughed rather ruefully, and I laughed too, though something caught my breath.

"Did the doctor give no hope?" I asked.

"If I had gone abroad at once," said Chris, "but I couldn't do that. So I thought, as there might be a year or two,

I might as well do something for my living. And this turned up."

"Did she," I said tentatively, "know you liked her?"

Chris flushed a little, and looked away, but not before I had seen a sudden light in his eyes.

"I never told her," he answered simply. "They say — women know."

"And she — did you — was she — I mean, were you —"

His flush deepened.

"It was too early in the day," he said. "I sometimes thought — if it had gone on — but it didn't go on. I have prayed about it. Not very enthusiastically, perhaps — but it is a good prayer. And there's another fellow in the running — a remarkably good fellow. I think it will be all right."

I did not answer. It seemed all wrong to me. He had told me the story on one of our Saturday afternoon walks; and when it was ended we still walked on — west-north-west. It seemed as if we were walking on and on to a place where our roads would divide forever, and then I knew what a blank there would be for one of us.

I could not pray his prayer, I would have liked to alter everything. Yet I hardly dared wish that Pauline loved him — I understood him so well. I think that, though he loved her a thousand times better, she could hardly have understood him much better than I. But any one called Pauline it must be good enough only to worship and strew roses for, like the man in Browning. Well, I would have gathered her bushels of roses, but I thought she might write to Chris. She never wrote — of course he had not written to her; but when he was so ill it seemed hard all the same. Still, he went on working, and kept up wonderfully through the summer, though with autumn his cough grew terribly bad, and the winter, that every one said would be so trying, was very near. But on Saturdays we still had our walks, and still went the old way — till west-north-west grew to be a watchword between us for all that we wanted and could not get. We seldom said it without a laugh; but there is no one but me who knows the meaning of it now.

It was one Saturday in October that Chris came in with a letter in his hand. I knew before he told me what the news was, from something in his face. Pauline was to be married in November — to the other fellow.

"My prayer has really been answered,"

he said, a little restlessly, "in six months. And now I want to buy a wedding present — that is all that remains to be done. You'll come with me, won't you, Janet?"

I nodded, and we went. Chris was very bright and eager about buying that wedding present — rather too bright, perhaps, when one saw the restless look in his eyes. We went from place to place, and at last found an exquisite little flower-vase that took his fancy, though it cost far more than he ought to have afforded. I fancied he must often have taken her flowers.

"I shall not send my name," Chris decided, when his gift was packed up, and even addressed. "But I think she will know."

I *knew* she would know.

"Now let us take the road," said Chris, laughing, when his parcel was sent off — and I knew which road he meant. I could walk it in the dark. I think if I had only one inch of strength left I would choose to walk there till I died. We took an omnibus and went rather farther out than usual. Chris was very bright and brotherly — rather in an absent way, and seemed bent on showing me that he was not down-hearted. But we talked of other things, never of Pauline.

We had tea at a little shop "really in the country," as Chris said hopefully. I think they took us for brother and sister. It was a very pleasant shopwoman; she had a little girl with a round, ruddy face, and very light hair, who made friends with Chris at once, as children always did, and he gave her a bright new sixpence, for which I shook my head at him. We had tea at a small, round table by the front kitchen fire, rather than in the cold, deserted room where they had visitors in the summer. It was so warm and comfortable, and Chris liked the warmth, though he could eat little. When tea was done we still sat there five minutes by the fire, chatting quietly. Perhaps it was because a crisis was over and one could breathe more freely; perhaps it was because he knew the vase would please her; but I think those few moments were pleasant even to Chris. Sometimes his face comes up before me as clearly as possible, with the firelight on it — though I cannot recall it when I try.

Then we set out to walk back. All the way there the wind had been with us and we had hardly felt it, but now we met it full. It was a bitter wind; and before we had left the shop ten minutes a driving sleet began. We walked two miles before

we could get an omnibus. Chris thought lightly of it, of course, and was only anxious for me—as if I could have been hurt. Death is for people like Chris. I try to forget that walk home, and go back to where we sat in the firelight; but I dream of the other sometimes, and the sleet is in our faces again, and I know it is killing him, and wake myself with calling out. Very well; that is all over. The doctor said that perhaps it made no real difference; what happened then might have happened any day in the state Chris was in. It was an hour after we reached home, and he was coughing terribly—he broke a blood-vessel. But he lived for two days, and I nursed him to the end; he wanted no one else. He said I was a good nurse, but I knew my hands were very hard and rough with housework. I did pray that I might lose the use of them forever if God would only make them cool and soft till Chris died—but I suppose that would have been a miracle.

Chris did not mind, he was very grateful, and said he should certainly meet me again. He had always so much faith. A little before he died he smiled, and said he was going west-north-west.

That is three years ago; and I am glad now. For the summers seem to be growing shorter and shorter, and the winters longer—there is a great deal of distress everywhere, and I am glad he is away, for while he lived he would always have taken the hardest part. But sometimes in the spring and summer there are very lovely days, and then I wish he were back. It is rather like living in a vacuum, where one can't draw a long breath because there is no air; but all that will pass over. Milly is married at last to some one very rich; but there are all the others, and the soot is worse than ever, and new things are always turning up to be done. I am thankful for that. I should like every hour and minute to be filled quite full—till I go west-north-west.

MAY KENDALL.

THE TRUE TENNYSON. — We have all been startled to find from the researches of Mr. Woodall in *Notes and Queries*, that "Between the story sung by the poet laureate in his romantic poem 'The Lord of Burleigh,' and the actual fact, there seems to be little in common." Henry Cecil, Earl and afterwards Marquis of Exeter, married Miss Sarah Hoggins under the name of John Jones, having a wife alive at the time, and she did not die as the poem relates. It is obvious then that Tennyson must be re-written, and we offer his Lordship the following humble suggestions. "The Lord of Burleigh" should henceforward run somewhat as follows:—

Quoth he, "Gentle Sarah Hoggins,"
Speaking in seductive tones,
"You must wed no Hodge or Scroggins,
But espouse your own J. Jones."
Oh! he was an artful party,
And that marriage was a crime.
He'd a wife alive and hearty,
Though she'd left him for a time.

The above discovery has, of course, led to doubts regarding other Tennysonian heroines. Was Lady Clara Vere de Vere, for example, as black as the poet has painted her? Perish the thought! Here are a couple of specimen stanzas for an amended version:—

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I vow that you were not a flirt,
The daughter of a hundred Earls
Would not a single creature hurt.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,"

What abject twaddle, on my word;

And then the joke is in the end,—

We know they made the bard a Lord.

The tale of how young Laurence died,

In some audacious print began:

The fact is that he took to drink,

He always was that sort of man.

And as for Alfred, why, of course

You snubbed him; but was that a crime,

That he should go and call you names,

And print his atrabilious rhyme?

Then, again, was the Amy of "Locksley Hall" quite as shallow-hearted and so forth as the angry rhymester declares? It will probably turn out that she was not. Hence the verses should run in this fashion:—

And I said, "My Cousin Amy, speak the truth, my heart to ease.

Shall it be by banns or license?" And she whispered, "Which you please."

Love took up the glass of Time and waved it gaily in the air,
Married life was sweet at Number Twenty-Six in Camden Square.

Amy faithless! Bless your heart, sir, that was not the case at all:
It was pure imagination that I wrote in Locksley Hall.

This process will doubtless have to be applied to many of the poems, but we must leave the congenial task to the laureate.

Punch.